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THE BUDGET AND THE TREATY.

THE difficulties of conducting an elaborate measure through Parliament are not without compensation. Although each successive detail may furnish a separate ground of opposition, the collective importance of the remaining provisions furnishes an argument in favour of every minor portion of a comprehensive scheme. In a Budget especially, if it is to be adopted at all, the evil must be taken with the good; for it is impossible to relieve trade and consumption except at the cost of revenue, and every tax which is repealed necessarily involves the establishment and maintenance of some equivalent impost. Hop-growers, paper-makers, and licensed victuallers would urge their grievances with more effect if some special measure affecting their respective branches of industry were submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE, although he may not be too busy to listen to their complaints, is compelled by duty, as well as by inclination, to estimate the importance of various interests according to their proportionate magnitude. In short, any objection which is not considerable enough to be fatal is overruled by the necessary subordination of particular measures to a general policy.

The tax, which here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.

The Government could be defeated only on the broad ground that the advantages to be derived from the financial project were not worth the price of an additional Income-tax; and those who are inclined, on the whole, to dispute the policy of the measure, feel little disposition to ally themselves with the various sections of special or interested malcontents. The unavoidable incorporation of the Commercial Treaty into the Budget provides the Government with a farther advantage in the conflict. A bargain which must be accepted or rejected in bulk can scarcely be discussed except in relation to its general expediency. Notwithstanding the numerous criticisms to which it is fairly open, the Treaty could not be repudiated without a shock to the public opinion of the country. It would have been better, perhaps, to leave the French protective system untouched than to attempt to break through it at a sacrifice of sound economical principles; but few serious politicians would willingly undertake the responsibility of formally refusing the overture which has been sanctioned by the Government. The adoption of the Treaty involves the surrender of two millions of revenue, and the further alterations in the Customs Duties are likely to provoke comparatively little opposition, as they will be made good by new taxes falling, for the most part, on the mercantile classes. The excise on paper might, without inconvenience, be treated as a distinct question; but on this point the Government is exempt from all danger of defeat.

The division on Monday night left little doubt as to the fate of the measure. The issue raised between the contending parties was so technical and obscure that nearly every member was certain to vote according to his general opinion or party preferences. Although Mr. HORSMAN professedly belongs to the majority, his speech plainly expressed his irreconcilable objection to the Treaty; nor can it be doubted that the few other seceders would on similar grounds have supported a more tangible and decisive amendment. Mr. DISRAELI, although he piques himself on his skill in the manipulation of Parliamentary forces, proved himself, not for the first time, a singularly bad tactician. His determination to insist on postponing the Customs resolutions to the Treaty was formed in the middle of a conversation on the previous Friday evening, in consequence of an intimation of discontent on the part of two or three Ministerial supporters. Instead of persisting in the plan of manoeuvres which had

already been laid out for his party, he suddenly resolved to attack the order of proceeding, although there was not time to ascertain whether even a technical error had been committed. As Mr. DISRAELI afterwards writhed under the assaults of his pitiless adversary, he may perhaps have reflected on his own rashness in believing that Mr. GLADSTONE had, for the first time in his Parliamentary life, gratuitously furnished him with an opportunity of triumph. As Judges sometimes observe that "the Court must occasionally 'make use of its common sense,'" so the House of Commons probably gathered from a confused and vehement controversy that the Government was not likely to have preferred the most inconvenient method of conducting its own business. Any member who had taken the trouble to step across the adjacent corridor would also have been convinced that the leaders of the Opposition had not sufficiently mastered their own case to act in concert. Mr. DISRAELI argued in the House of Commons that, as fast as the Customs resolutions were passed they would, on each subject-matter successively, satisfy the article of the Treaty which required the assent of Parliament to a portion of its stipulations. Lord DERBY was about the same time informing the House of Lords that the "legislative sanction" could only be given in the form of an Act of Parliament formally embodying the Treaty. The contradictory statements of the Conservative leaders were the more perplexing to their followers as they both went equally wrong in opposite directions. It would, as Lord JOHN RUSSELL explained, have been grossly unconstitutional to supersede, by Parliamentary authority, the treaty-making prerogative of the Crown. On the other hand, resolutions of the House of Commons, though they might authorize the provisional suspension of duties, could by no process of interpretation be converted into a Legislative sanction. As soon as the substance of the resolutions is embodied in an Act, the condition of the Treaty will be fulfilled; and if the Government nevertheless undertakes to bring the Treaty itself under the notice of Parliament, the form of proceeding will necessarily be by Address, and not by Bill.

The question whether the discussion on the Treaty ought to have been taken first is not free from difficulty, but since the division it has lost much of its practical interest, and it is satisfactory to know that the Government is not exposed, in this instance, to the charge of unfair practice in its conduct of business. When two matters are so inseparably mixed up that neither can be understood without reference to the other, there are always apparent objections to any arrangement for the discussion of either. The Budget involved the Treaty, and, as Mr. GLADSTONE explained, the Treaty necessarily involved the Budget. It was impossible to recommend the sacrifice of two millions of revenue without suggesting some method by which the deficiency should be supplied. Several clauses of the Treaty expressly provide that her MAJESTY shall recommend certain proposals to Parliament, or, in other words, that her MAJESTY'S Chancellor of the Exchequer shall bring forward a Budget in conformity with the agreement of the Plenipotentiaries. A vote in favour of the Treaty would have only contained a pledge to do what ought, according to the intentions of the contracting parties, to have been already done, before the Treaty became valid. If it is impossible to discuss the reduction of the wine duties without reference to the Treaty, it would be difficult to invert the process by leaving the wine duties out of consideration if the Treaty had been taken first. As it was quite certain that, in either case, the whole question would be debated with equal freedom, the House of Commons would not believe, that its privileges were compromised by any particular order of proceeding. It is true that neither the differential duties on shipping nor the objectionable stipulation with respect to

coal can formally come under the consideration of a Committee of Supply; but every member is at liberty to assume that all parts of the Treaty are inseparably connected with the proposed change in the Customs duties, and those who think, with Mr. LINDSAY, that the terms of the arrangement ought to be modified, have the opportunity of moving amendments in conformity with their views. The main battle of the Opposition would have been fought under better auspices if Mr. DISRAELI had not invited a gratuitous and inevitable defeat in a preliminary skirmish.

FRANCE AND SAVOY.

THE poor weak wolf is threatened by the neighbourhood of the powerful and aggressive lamb. France cannot allow Sardinia to become a fifth part as large and populous as herself without having a stronger frontier on the side of Savoy. The EMPEROR appears, from a spirit of excessive fairness, to abstain from stating the whole of his case. If he has Sardinia on the one side, he has the equally formidable and equally domineering Republic of Geneva on the other. It would seem that on both sides a stronger line of frontier is essential to the independence and security of France. The French press, by a singular coincidence, began, without the slightest "official inspiration," to advocate the annexation of Savoy just at the moment when the EMPEROR had conceived the design. The absence of "official inspiration" was shown by the adoption of a somewhat different line of argument. The plea put forward by the uninspired journals was not the weakness of France and the menacing greatness of Sardinia, but the sudden and passionate yearning for annexation manifested by the people of Savoy and Nice. After ages of contented loyalty to the house of their ancient Sovereigns, these people had all at once, it seems, been smitten with a consuming desire to be transferred to the dominion of France. With this desire they had been smitten, not at a moment when France was in the possession of constitutional liberty, but when a penal despotism had succeeded revolutionary frenzy. In her happier hour she had no charms for them. But directly she had sunk into what, by the account of the Imperialists themselves, is a sort of purgatorial condition, they longed to rush into her arms. And we were invited to believe that this sudden impulse was perfectly spontaneous, and only by the merest accident coincided with the other circumstances of the diplomatic crisis at which it occurred. Always "transports for Cochin China." In private life, when you are thrown into company with people devoid of veracity, you do not kick them, insult them, or cabal against them, but you do avoid as far as possible having any connexion or dealings with them. We should like to know why, when character is in question, the same rules of prudence do not hold good in diplomacy as in private life.

The author of the *Analogy* is said once to have spent an afternoon in discussing the question whether nations as well as men could go mad. The inquiry appears at first sight impractical enough. And yet the French nation seems really to have fallen under the dominion of a fixed idea to an extent touching very closely on national insanity. The burning passion of territorial self-aggrandizement since the days of the First NAPOLEON, has taken absolute possession of the heart and brain of the nation. It has cast out every idea of moral greatness, extinguished every thought of moral dignity, burst through every check which the laws of morality can impose. It triumphs in a contempt of justice which is not so much detestable as delirious. It feeds itself with historical fictions as extravagant as the visions of a self-crowned maniac's cell. It takes the place of all revealed and of all rational religion, turns a selfish and unprincipled spoliator of national rights literally into a god, and celebrates his deserved captivity at St. Helena as a kind of divine Passion. It breathes in everything Frenchmen do and write. A few French authors, such as BASTIAT and JULES SIMON (the heralds, let us hope, of returning sanity), are free from its influence, but French literature generally is one vast sacrifice to its absorbing sway. In the whole of that varied banquet there is scarcely a dish in which the too familiar flavour does not offend the palate, rank and inevitable as the taste of garlic in the cookery of an Italian inn. Open a French historian—the mania is there, perverting facts, falsifying figures, turning the annals of the world into a French romance. Open a novelist—it is there at every page, blustering through the mouths of glorious veterans, the remnants of those lands of heroes who stole plate and ravished women under the eagles of NAPOLEON I. Open a poet—his genius

is warmed by no other theme than the intoxicating memory of piracies past, and the intoxicating prospect of piracies to come. Make to yourself wings and fly beyond the realms, not only of history but of sane poetry and fiction, to the Utopia of M. COMTE. Even in the Utopia of M. COMTE, you find that in the Laputan Committee by which the world is to be ruled, France is to have more votes than other nations, and that the worship of humanity is henceforth to be conducted with the faces of the worshippers turned, not towards the East, but towards Paris and the Palais Royal. This frantic egotism is a principle entirely supreme over truth and justice. It sanctifies *ipso facto* any outrage committed by France in her own holy interest. An English writer does not think it enough to show that England won the battle of Copenhagen without attempting to reconcile the proceeding to his own and his reader's sense of justice. A French writer would as soon think of offering an apology for an act of the Supreme Being as for a battle in which France was victorious. Indeed, M. THIERS not obscurely hints that the Supreme Being stands greatly in need of an apology for interrupting the moral career of France at Moscow. Liberty, constitutional government, freedom of thought and speech, equal law, are insipid, vile, and worthless to the French mind, unless the master passion is gratified. LOUIS PHILIPPE might have been corrupt, as LOUIS NAPOLEON is, and it would not have exposed him to the hatred of his subjects. He might have been tyrannical, as LOUIS NAPOLEON is, and it would have gained him their profound respect. The cause of his ruin was his love of "peace at any price." He was too mean-spirited to amuse the vanity of Paris by filling the world with misery and blood. His attacks on freedom, real or alleged, were not the grievance—or, at least, the freedom he was hated for attacking was a freedom of a very French kind. "I do not wish," said a candidate for Cherbourg in those days, "to see the liberties of France extinguished at home. I wish rather to see them radiate abroad. It seems to be forgotten that this is the land of NAPOLEON and LOUIS XIV." The "liberties" of France have now ceased "to be extinguished at home;" they have begun "to radiate abroad;" and Europe in general, and Savoy in particular, is beginning to rejoice in their warmth and brightness. The Napoleonic Empire is neither more nor less than a military dictatorship, revived for the purpose of leading French armies, with greater secrecy and vigour than a constitutional government could lead them, to the conquest and pillage of the world. This is the phenomenon in face of which our diplomacy is placed, and the more our statesmen lay it to heart, the more in accordance with the facts and the necessities of the case their diplomacy will be.

If a Frenchman ever bestows a thought on morality when the aggrandizement of his country is in question, he puts it to himself that all the surrounding nations are to gain some extraordinary moral and intellectual advantage by being annexed or made vassals to France. Their loss of independence is to be more than counterbalanced by their gains of a superior kind; just as in the eyes of Cardinal WISEMAN the loss of mental independence on the part of a convert to Roman Catholicism is more than counterbalanced by the blessing of union with the true Church. If this is the case, and if the finger of Heaven is in the triumphs of French military ambition, let us recognise the finger of Heaven. Let us no longer kick against the pricks of destiny, but submit without further trouble, bloodshed, or expense to the elevating dominion of Zouaves, who desire only our salvation, not our women or our cash. But in what does this salvation consist? What is this unity into which it is such a blessing to be absorbed that, rather than remain separated from it, you had better, according to French historians, be pillaged like the Rhine provinces, or even exterminated like the Albigenses? It is the unity of France. France is Paris. And Paris, for all that appears to the outward eye, is a city of frivolity and sensualism, with a Government of brute force. There are in it some deep thinkers, and some men of high moral and social aspirations, but these men are the heretics, not the doctors of the Empire. Their names are written not in its Calendar or its Liturgy, but in the books of its secret police. The spirit which is dominant at Paris finds far different organs of expression. It will confer on the nations who may be happy enough to lose their identity in it that moral regeneration, and that only, of which the grand examples next to the EMPEROR himself are M.M. MORNAY and FOULD. One can tell to a nicety the moral blessings which annexation to France will shower upon Savoy. It will sink into the

most contemptible of provinces, and lose a name not inglorious in history. It will give a title to a *préfet* instead of a Royal House. It will yield up whatever sparks of national life it may possess, and add one more to that vast *morgue* of lifeless provinces, to be surrounded with which is the great glory and the great merit of self-adoring Paris. It will surrender all freedom of thought and all power of intellectual progress, to sink under the censorship of the Parisian press. Its society will become a portion of the sphere of Parisian espionage. Its religion will be regulated to suit the political interest of the Parisian bureaucracy. Its education will become part of a vast mechanical contrivance moved in the same interest by the Parisian Minister of Instruction. In place of open law courts and the regular course of law, it will be placed under the Parisian sway of "administrative justice." It will become subject to the Parisian conscription, and spend the blood of its youth in war, and their time and health in peace, to add to the trophies of a capital which the kinsmen of those youths will never see. It will be involved in all the burdens and all the dangers of the career of military ambition on which Paris is entering, and will perhaps receive, as her advanced bulwark, the shock of war which her insolence may provoke. It will be hurried along with her towards the gulf of her dark future, though it has not shared the crimes and follies of her past. To make up for all this, Savoy will become a third Department of the Alps, and the most barren and despised of the three. Rocks have grandeur while they support a nation. Annexed to a bureaucracy, they are rocks.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN JOURNALISM.

DURING the eight or nine weeks which preceded the election of a Speaker, the American House of Representatives seems to have been in a state of serious discomfort. Until its officers and organs were provided, it had no subject of legislation to debate, and nobody to pay its members the sum allotted them for their daily attendance. It is hard to be short of topics; it is still harder to be short of money; and, under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the House should have shown much irritability on points of privilege, as well as a disposition to discuss them at exorbitant length. One of these debates strikes us as worth adverting to, as it turned upon incidents excessively characteristic of political life and social manners on the other shore of the Atlantic.

The *New York Herald* is a journal which can only be described by an American epithet. It is a "rowdy" newspaper. We should have supposed that its character was pretty well understood in England if it were not plain that its pages are sometimes allowed to have influence in the leading articles of our principal contemporary. It is, no doubt, from want of caution in not observing what is the statesman, party, or cause to which the *New York Herald* is for the moment sold, that the *Times* has recently been led to represent the paradoxes of Mr. O'CONNOR on the subject of slavery as reflecting the public opinion of the Northern States, and to speak of the newly-elected Mayor of New York, who is the grandfather of all corruption, as an official determined to suppress the jobbery which grinds down the taxpayers of that unlucky city. The American view of the *New York Herald* will, however, be seen from what follows. Its editor, proprietor, and almost exclusive writer, Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, had gone through some unfriendly passages with a Mr. PRYOR, a gentleman newly elected to the House of Representatives, who had formerly conducted a newspaper in Virginia. Mr. PRYOR, on commencing his legislative career, naturally found himself rather roughly handled in the *New York Herald*; and being, as is perhaps not extraordinarily uncommon in newspaper writers, a person of the thinnest skin, he soon altogether lost patience and made a furious attack on his critic in Congress. On the 20th of last month, he appeared in the House with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his hand, and delivered a speech, of which we reprint a small portion textually as being, perhaps, the prettiest specimen of abuse, certainly of Parliamentary abuse, which has fallen under our notice:—

Mr. Pryor of Virginia (Dem.)—I call the attention of the House to an article in the *New York Herald*; but I wish to protest that I feel under no obligations to respond to anything that issues from the pen and the inspiration of James Gordon Bennett. I should debate the dignity of my position, and affront the feelings of the members, if I should admit the propriety or necessity of recognising any remarks of that notorious individual. A man who is conspicuous by the persistent and flagrant violation of the rights and virtuous instincts of humanity, who has supplied himself with money and

means of pernicious influence by extorting contributions from the fear of innocence, and levying subsidies upon the gratitude of sympathetic and confederate crimes; a wretch who wears upon his back the scars of many a merited chastisement, and upon his heart the taint of every conceivable abomination; a miscreant who, in consenting to the dishonour of his own family and the profanation of the most sacred relations of life, has committed a crime for which language has no commensurate term of scorn and contempt; a vile and filthy beast, whose name is the execration of both continents, and from whose contact truth and virtue shrink as from the touch of a pestilence; a fiend who is denied the privilege of fellowship with men; an exile from the courtesies and charities of the social circle, who wears out, and is condemned to wear out, the small remnant of a guilty and miserable existence in a solitude for which the rewards of a prostituted press can purchase him no relief. I repeat to the House, that I do not mean to discuss anything which would shock them by alluding in any way to that base individual who, by a course of unalterable and unapproachable infamy, distinguished and stigmatised himself to the shame and opprobrium of humanity; but, &c. &c.

These remarks, we are told, were followed by an extraordinary sensation. Indeed, so excited did the reporters of the principal New York newspapers become, that they seem to have forwarded to their employers long personal descriptions of the hero of the hour. The correspondent of the *New York Times*, after contemptuously remarking that Mr. NOELL, the only other gentleman who spoke that day, had "a monotonous voice of rather a beefy fibre," went on to give this sketch of Mr. PRYOR:—

Mr. Pryor is a very peculiar type of man, and to bring him fairly and fully before your readers would require a more extended sketch than is possible in the hurry of these letters. Briefly, however, the fighting editor, critic, and politician of the South may be sketched as follows:—Pryor stands about six feet high, sparely and actively built, with a large head of the Emersonian type, in which the forehead shows externally the two lobes into which the brain is divided. He wears a mass of long brown hair, very soft and silky, combed back behind his ears and reaching to his coat collar. Just above the eyes, which are dark-blue, large, and rather prominent, he has two bulging compartments, wherein the perceptive faculties may be supposed to lie coiled for belligerent and analytical purposes. His nose is a thin, decisive Grecian, with contracting and dilating nostrils; his mouth is well arched and sinewy, furnished with two fine, firm rows of teeth—the upper row not lying quite close together, and a little inclined to protrude. His chin is square, but retreating, with a pleasant dimple in its heart; and his complexion is as fair, clear, beardless, delicate and sensitive as that of any literary young lady of studious habits and a romantic turn of mind. Add to the foregoing a scrupulous neatness and nicety of person, encased in a full dress suit of black, and with an abundance of spotless linen around the throat, breast, and wrists—and you will have the external man of this editor-Congressman as nearly as your correspondent can give it.

Mr. PRYOR's invective appears to have thrown the *New York Herald* into painful perplexity. On the one hand, to print his speech was to circulate a version of Mr. BENNETT's career and character too closely resembling the popular view to be pleasant or safe. On the other, to omit it altogether was to forego all pretext for a retaliatory leading article. But Mr. BENNETT was equal to the difficulty, and devised an expedient which we take leave to regard as the newest and boldest of the discoveries of modern journalism. In its telegraphic summary of the debates in Congress, the *New York Herald* made Mr. PRYOR figure in the following fashion:—

Mr. Smith (Dem.) of N. C., accused the Republicans of intending to break up the Union.

Mr. R. A. Pryor, of Virginia, the filthy liar and bully, here made no remark.

Mr. Curtis (Rep.) of Iowa, defended the conduct of the Republican party.

Mr. R. A. Pryor, the slanderer and beast from the benign mother of Presidents, was here silent.

Mr. Barksdale (Dem.) of Mississippi, asserted that the whole North was an accomplice in the Harper's Ferry inroad.

Mr. R. A. Pryor, of Virginia, the morally convicted felon, held his tongue.

And so there were pegs enough, and to spare, for leading articles on Mr. PRYOR. The House of Representatives was inclined to take the matter up as a breach of privilege, and considered whether the reporter of the *New York Herald* should be expelled from its gallery. But the reporter was able to obtain his account of the debate from the telegraph office, and it proved to be quite accurate and fair. As might have been expected, the allusions to Mr. PRYOR had been interpolated at New York.

To enlarge or comment on this proceeding would be painting the lily. But let Mr. BENNETT have the full credit of having given the greatest extension to the powers of the press which it has obtained in this century. The enemy who has made a speech is even more at one's mercy than the enemy who has written a book; but then it is not all one's enemies who make speeches. It is tiresome to be always attacking the small minority of speech-making statesmen; and besides, they grow callous to it, and in time don't even read their newspapers. But here is the whole multitude of silent members suddenly laid open to criticism by one ingenious discovery. What a prospect is revealed by that single sentence—"Mr. R. A. PRYOR, the filthy liar and 'bully, here made no remark!" JAMES GORDON BENNETT found journalism a province—he leaves it an empire.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AT MILAN.

FEW spectacles of modern times have been so striking and so significant as the recent reception of VICTOR EMMANUEL at Milan. There was everything that makes up a great sight on a great occasion. There were crowds lining the roads in dense masses, all cheering with a common enthusiasm, and all animated with a common spirit of pride, triumph, and joy. There was an assemblage of foreigners and Italians so great that even the large city of Milan could not contain it—soldiers and people united as brethren to celebrate the coming of the gallant chief of Italy, and every house, balcony, corner, and roof, alive with eager lookers-on. Whatever may be the reverses and disappointments he is destined to undergo, VICTOR EMMANUEL has at least lived to see one day of great and genuine triumph. He holds a much more eminent position now than when last year he entered Milan after the victory of Magenta. Then, he was but the shadow of the Emperor of the FRENCH—now he has all but effected the unity of Northern Italy in spite of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He then came to a people who were half wild with the unreflecting passion of a new liberty—he is now welcomed by subjects who have clung to him with trust and affection through months of gloom, uncertainty, and fear. He has proved the hearts and courage of those who wish to be gathered together under his sway, and has found that they are equal to the severest trials of doubtful fortune. Mere material prosperity, too, however transient, is still very satisfactory while it lasts. The friends of Italian freedom may reflect with legitimate exultation that, while the Italian capitals of his enemies are in poverty, despair, and wretchedness, wealth and plenty spring up wherever VICTOR EMMANUEL comes. Venice is one vast house of mourning, its palaces are deserted, its amusements and festivities utterly at an end. Even the Carnival brings no troop of strangers to fill the purse and cheer the heart of panic-stricken Rome. Naples is cowering under the lash of a police directed by a clique of bigots. But at Milan there is peace and security, order and abundance. Foreigners go where all that is free and noble in Italy goes, to offer homage to the man whom the master of Venice pronounces a low intriguer, and whom the master of Rome threatens to excommunicate.

But even in the midst of garlands and flags and cheering crowds, there is enough to make VICTOR EMMANUEL anxious. He has only won the first post in a great fight, and the contest is not less serious because the victors deck themselves with wreaths. Still, there is a very fair chance that the important State of which Milan will be the chief city, if not the nominal capital, will come into existence within the next few weeks, and be allowed time to consolidate itself. The different States of Central Italy are as determined to stifle local jealousy, and to join in the formation of one considerable State, as they were during the first outpouring of indignation at the Treaty of Villafranca. Austria has renewed her positive assurance that she will not interfere by force to prevent the annexation which she reserves the right of regarding with horror, and which she promises herself to revenge if circumstances permit. The Savoy difficulty is a difficulty not between France and Piedmont, but between France and the other Great Powers. There is no reason why the kingdom of North Italy should not have a fair start. It is true that this kingdom will not be all that VICTOR EMMANUEL dreamt of, and that its frontiers will be as defenceless as those of Prussia. But they cannot be more defenceless, and the kingdom of VICTOR EMMANUEL will have many very considerable advantages over that of the House of BRANDENBURG. It will be continuous, and it will command an outlet in two seas. The northern Italians are quite equal to the Prussians in enterprise and ability, and far superior to them in political spirit; and their rulers are entirely free from the pettiness of aim and method which its relations with the small Courts of Germany so often impose on the Cabinet of Berlin. There is a great task before VICTOR EMMANUEL and Count CAVOUR within the kingdom which they are about to administer, but it is one that they need not despair of accomplishing. They have to make free government a practical reality in a country composed of heterogeneous materials, and with most of its component parts long accustomed to despotism. They have to carry on a liberal administration in face of the opposition of a great portion of the priests and of all the upper hierarchy. They have also to make the country rich. They have to exhibit, for the first time since

the old Roman Empire fell, the real resources of the Garden of Europe. They have to construct communications of all kinds, to make roads and railways, and bring the provinces of the kingdom together. Fortunately, as they accomplish one part of the task, they will accomplish the other. The spirit which is excited by political activity is sure to show itself also in the peaceful channels of commercial enterprise. Thoughts of peace and war will equally tend to cover the face of North Italy with a network of railways. And as the Italians grow rich, and find their riches dependent on their unity, they will learn to have tolerance for each other. They will bring the spirit of compromise to meet the difficulties that must necessarily arise after the first flush of excited feeling is over, and when a common assembly unites for the first time Italians who have been divided by centuries of rivalry, by differences of government, and by all the barriers that the petty ingenuity of their rulers was able to devise.

It is stated that the people of Milan are looking forward eagerly to a renewal of the war, and that part of the joy with which VICTOR EMMANUEL is received in that city owes its origin to the expectation that in the spring he will lead his troops to the rescue of Venetia. Those who have the real conduct of affairs must, however, look on such an undertaking with very different eyes from those with which their enthusiastic supporters regard it. If Austria is free from internal disturbance, the Piedmontese can never hope to reduce the Quadrilateral. That an outbreak will occur which will threaten Austria with the loss of her real resources of war is possible, but by no means certain. Rumour says, and probably with much truth, that the Emperor of AUSTRIA was brought to terms at Villafranca by the threat that France would place on the throne of Hungary a Prince who happens to be connected with the Imperial families both of France and Russia. The threat was exceedingly formidable; for, with the support of France, and the passive connivance of Russia, an insurrection in Hungary would have had every chance of being successful. But although Hungary is ten times more eager to revolt now than she was then, although every province of Austria is dissatisfied, although martial law has to be proclaimed among the once faithful Tyrolese, and the new Stadtholder of Venice is afraid of allowing even so much as a masked ball, there is no certainty that there will be a revolution in the Austrian provinces, and still less that an insurrection would be successful. The population of Hungary and of Venice is entirely unarmed. They have literally no weapons whatever that they can lay their hands on, and therefore they have no chance against the regular troops, and no ground of hope unless a large portion of the army not only refuses to act in obedience to the EMPEROR, but is ready to fight against him. It is not very likely that France will renew the war; and although Prussia would probably take a longer time to deliberate on her course of action than would be comprised in the whole period of a decisive campaign, yet she is believed to regard the Quadrilateral as so essential a part of the defences of Germany that she would be as ready to make the war general, if the French passed the Mincio, as anything except the actual invasion of her Rhenish provinces could make her. Neither Germany nor France desires at this moment a general war; and therefore the Piedmontese have no other hope of attacking Austria in Venetia successfully, except that which is derived from the extremely uncertain calculation that half the Austrian army would desert to the enemy. What VICTOR EMMANUEL really wants is unopposed annexation, followed by peace and quiet times. The hour for making Venetia Italian has not come. Perhaps the true interest both of Europe and of Italy may lie in that hour being long deferred. But even without Venetia, VICTOR EMMANUEL has enough to occupy him, and to fill him with pride and hope. As to a war with Naples, we can scarcely call that a danger to the King of Piedmont. The Neapolitans are to the Piedmontese very much what the Mexicans are to the Americans, and VICTOR EMMANUEL might look for a very easy victory over the troops of Southern Italy. But here, again, his true policy is to avoid fighting by every means in his power. Europe does not wish to see freedom in Italy inaugurated by a war between two Italian Powers; and if the reigning family of Naples were driven into the ignominious exile they richly deserve, the King of SARDINIA would be greatly troubled to know what to do with a throne which he would scarcely be permitted to occupy himself, and which he would be very unwilling to resign to any one else.

LORD ELGIN AND SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR.

THE recriminations which have passed between Lord ELGIN and Sir MICHAEL SEYMOUR form a disagreeable episode in an embarrassing transaction. There is no reason to accuse English functionaries of any exceptional propensity to quarrel when they are required to co-operate with one another; but the publicity of the Press and of Parliament has too often encouraged them to disregard the paramount duty of official reticence. Ambassadors and generals, generals and admirals, and, as in the present instance, admirals and ambassadors—influenced by different habits of thought, encumbered by special and peculiar obstacles in their respective efforts, and not unfrequently aiming at distinct and incompatible objects—have seldom succeeded in carrying out a joint undertaking without occasional jars and disagreements. The First NAPOLEON and his heir both learned by experience the difficulty of maintaining harmony even among co-ordinate military commanders. The Marshals of the First Empire always attributed to each other, and for the most part with considerable justice, the defeats and ill-fortune which attended the French arms in the absence of the EMPEROR. Their successors at Solferino followed up the precedent so faithfully that some of them are said to have been scarcely prevented from appealing to the ordeal of single combat. Fortunately for the honour of French military administration, MARMONT could not explain in a letter to the *Times* that SOULT ought to have been at Salamanca instead of in the South, nor could SOULT obtain similar redress when SUCHET stayed at Catalonia instead of hurrying to his assistance before the defeat of Toulouse. Notwithstanding the spirit of the age and the progress of the species, Marshal NIEL and Marshal CANROBERT are still restrained from moving the Senate or the Legislative Body for the production of papers on the Italian campaign. The compulsory silence which is thus imposed on the servants of the State might perhaps be found impracticable in a free country; but the discipline of office might be tightened by successive Governments, through the aid of a sound public opinion, with great advantage to the dignity as well as to the interests of the nation. The existing license, or anarchy, has never been more strikingly illustrated than by Mr. OLIPHANT's recent announcement that, in consequence of Sir MICHAEL SEYMOUR's speech, he would have Lord ELGIN's correspondence moved for in the House of Commons. It would seem that the decision whether certain official documents are to be published rests with the former secretary of an ex-Ambassador, instead of with the Minister or the Crown. Lord ELGIN himself, with or without the consent of his colleagues, has since stated in the House of Lords the nature of the complaints which he had officially urged against Sir MICHAEL SEYMOUR. As the case stands at present, the Admiral seems to have mistaken his province in exercising his own judgment on a political question in opposition to the decision of the Plenipotentiary. His appeal to the approval of the Board of Admiralty is wholly beside a question which turns, not on his admitted professional ability, but on a conflict between members of different departments; yet, on the whole, Lord ELGIN, if he is responsible for Mr. OLIPHANT's book, must be considered the aggressor. If the two highly respectable disputants study the life of the Duke of WELLINGTON, they will learn how a strong mind, steadily fixed on the discharge of its duty, deals with the shortcomings of incapable superiors, and with the disappointments occasioned by the errors of subordinates. The faculty of silence, and the habitual conviction that what is incurable should be borne with, distinguished the first of modern Englishmen almost more conspicuously than his military genius. There is no general disposition to blame an able diplomatist or a gallant and skilful admiral, but when they begin to censure each other in public, both are fairly open to criticism.

It is a painful reflection that a large English force is about, in conjunction with a formidable French armament, to carry out in China a policy on which no two authorities seem to be agreed. The disaster of last autumn has rendered some active measure inevitable; but the English Government can scarcely be too cautious, or too ready to welcome any honourable occasion of peace. In this complicated quarrel there is the singular peculiarity that a decisive victory would be almost as mischievous as a second defeat. The highly artificial organization of the Chinese Government might perhaps be hopelessly deranged by a violent shock offered to its power and credit. It is impos-

sible to manage that great and singular portion of the human race except by the machinery which they have provided for themselves. A conquest or treaty which involved the fall of the Imperial Government, would perhaps leave no authority standing with which it would be possible to deal. It is provoking that the bees so obstinately refuse access to their honey; but the state of affairs will not be improved by upsetting the hive.

Some useful suggestions will be found in a little pamphlet* attributed to an officer and diplomatist who has had peculiar opportunities of understanding the Chinese question; and there will be little difference of opinion as to the importance of his reference to the probable objects of the French expedition. "The partition of China," says the writer, "can conduce to no good interests of Great Britain; and it is to be regretted that circumstances should have made us the masters of the ceremonies to victors prone to conceive and agree upon grandiose ideas for the treatment of sick princes and disturbed people." Sir HENRY POTTINGER may perhaps have been justly blamed for contenting himself with the little speck of Hong Kong, but the conversion of Chusan into a French settlement would be much less satisfactory than the Chinese occupation of the island. As the French have little commerce in the seas of China, their military exertions may perhaps be attributed to a chivalrous desire to protect the Catholic missionaries; but the author of the pamphlet justly observes that an attack on the Empire would greatly endanger the Christians, who, according to his account, at present suffer little persecution. It seems that, some years ago, a renegade convert denounced his brethren, and the European priest who taught them, to certain provincial Mandarins. The Governor-General of the province, after hushing up the inquiry, reported to the Court of Peking that he could find no trace of the presence of any European. As it was impossible, he added, that a missionary could have escaped the vigilance of so many wise officials, he had thought fit, considering the improbability of the story and the admitted malignity of the accuser, to order him to be bastinadoed as a liar, and to dismiss the case. It is not likely that the same tolerant disposition would be displayed when 20,000 defenders of the faith were in full march on Peking. The main inconvenience of co-operation with an equal ally consists in the difficulty of determining independently either on the conclusion of peace or on the continuance of the war. During the progress of hostilities there is a constant risk of collision, and an inevitable succession of occasions for jealousy. The successes or exploits of either ally will perhaps be proclaimed with equal resonance in London and in Paris. But the French press will never record a failure or a blunder of the French arms, while every English miscarriage will be published in all parts of Europe. As long as the joint expedition lasts, the leaders ought to consider it a point of honour to abstain from aggravating the difficulties of the undertaking by mutual complaints or by invidious criticism.

NOSTRA CULPA.

IF it were decent for any section of the Roman Catholic priesthood to allow that it had been utterly in the wrong, we should have an edifying confession from the French clergy. Many thousand swelling breasts would feel it an immense relief to admit that M. DE MONTALEMBERT was entirely right from the beginning, and that the subserviency of the Church to the Emperor of the FRENCH has been a measureless blunder. The treaty with despotism signed by the whole French hierarchy, and by the mass of the priesthood, has ministered to the unmixed advantage of one of the contracting parties, but what has been received by the other? The French clergy, in return for homage which went near to adulation, and as the price of a disgrace which will hardly ever wear out, has obtained a few lip-professions, the permission to hold a single synod, and the temporary abandonment of the cautious language which all former Governments of France have employed with regard to the claims of ecclesiastical power. For this, they have given the Emperor of the FRENCH the means, priceless to him, of setting at nought the only opposition which could be organized against him. If it had not been for the facile Imperialism of the Church, the despot would have been condemned to moral isolation. Amid a society vivified from end to end with the electrical play of intellect, he would have been left alone with his Grenadiers and his rifled cannon. The

* *Some Remarks on our Affairs in China.* London: Ridgway.

education, the refinement, the birth, and the wit of France had absolutely proscribed him—so much so, that Mr. COBDEN is said to have recently pronounced himself the only thick-and-thin Imperialist in Paris who was not paid in hard cash for his loyalty. But the secession of the priesthood neutralized the excommunication. Though not nearly so powerful as they are believed to be by the zealots who exaggerate their influence in order to give point to declamations and probability to interpretations of prophecy, the clergy still constitute a considerable interest and represent a venerable cause. The present age, if not a really religious, is no doubt a reverential one; and a Sovereign consoled by the partisanship of the priests may make head much better than he could in the Voltairian century against the ostracism of the wits. NAPOLEON III. could hardly be otherwise than tolerably respectable when he was able to call himself the Eldest Son of the Church, and when all his most questionable enterprises were sanctified by the unanimous applause of the Church's ministers. But for all this he pays in the coin which the BONAPARTES keep ready in their purse for the recompence of great services. To be used and cast aside has been the fate of the many thrones, dominations, and powers which have purchased aggrandizement from that family at the cost of their self-respect and honour.

It will not have escaped the notice of the French priests that the laws which M. BILLAULT threatens to put in force against them—the chains, as they doubtless consider them, of the Church—were forged by one despot, and are now for the first time riveted on them by another. During five-and-thirty years of free Government, these laws, if not absolutely in abeyance, were never called into activity. For the greater part of LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign, the clergy were permitted to carry on a constant, and indeed a violent, agitation for an object which lay at least as near their hearts as the safety of the POPE's temporalities—the relaxation of the exclusive educational privileges of the University of France. The franchises of the Constitution permitted them to obtain point after point of the liberty they claimed; and the present arrangement, with which they profess themselves content, was ultimately adopted with the consent of every considerable statesman in the country. Yet it is morally certain that, if the struggle had taken place in the reign of NAPOLEON I., or of NAPOLEON III., the priests might have as well agitated for the establishment of the Inquisition. The First NAPOLEON never intended the Gallican Church to be anything else than an instrument in restoring order and reverence for authority. The very restraints which M. BILLAULT now threatens to apply form part of those famous Organic Articles which NAPOLEON, by a treacherous *coup de main*, succeeded in appending to the Concordat which he had just concluded with the POPE. As for NAPOLEON III., the mode in which he would have dealt with the educational agitation is pretty well shown by his intolerance of the much more innocent movement which he is now suppressing. There is, probably, no other country in the world enjoying the merest semblance of freedom in which the uneasiness of a Roman Catholic population on the subject of the partition of the POPE's States would not be regarded as pardonable. Unwise as the agitation is, it is certainly legitimate. It is most unwise to confound the spiritual privileges of the Holy See with the claims of one of the most unsatisfactory Governments in the world. It is most unwise to contend against the accepted rule of modern diplomacy, that a country which has relieved itself of an unpopular rule is to have its *de facto* independence respected by foreign Powers. It is most thoroughly unwise to place the Church in direct antagonism with the spirit of nationality, the great secular religion of the century. The fervency of belief has probably not prevented the stronger heads among the Roman Catholics from understanding the case of the Romagnese; but it is natural that weaker minds should take the superficial view, and there is but one known mode of correcting inequalities of intellect—free discussion in an open arena.

It seems, however, that, as good Protestants, we are bound to believe that the French Roman Catholics have not committed a blunder at all. The religious society of England, and the newspapers who are not ashamed to flatter it, insist that, in sealing this bond to despotism, the French clergy merely followed the teaching of their Church, which is the irreclaimable foe of political liberty. According to this view, the restrictive measures threatened by M. BILLAULT are not so much the punishment of a mistake as part of God's revenge against idolatry. So long as the French Roman Catholics retained their faith, they were necessarily absolutists, and we

have only to rejoice that their absolutism has directly contributed to their humiliation. This is the argument of the *Times* on the suppression of the *Univers* and *Bretagne*, and it is merely necessary to point out that it is fatal to the liberation of Italy. Is it possible that any educated writer is so ill-informed as to believe that, because the Romagna wishes to unite itself to Piedmont, and because the bulk of the Italians approve of the resolution, the Romagna or any fraction of Italy has therefore ceased to be Catholic? If so, we recommend a brief visit, in the course of the next week or two, to Bologna or Ravenna, where it will be seen whether a disinclination to the POPE's temporal sovereignty involves an inclination to eat meat in Lent. The political problem for the Latin races is, in fact, identical with the question whether allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church can be reconciled with the passion for liberty. Without discussing the point at any length at present, let us record our belief that the reconciliation is practicable. We do not think so ill of political freedom as to assume its unfitness for the majority of the Christian world. We see no reason for looking on it as the monopoly of a few Protestant nations. As we repudiate the notion that it is limited by geographical boundaries, so we refuse to hold that it varies with shades of faith.

PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA.

SIR CHARLES WOOD was lately asked in the House of Commons whether the Indian Government had any intention of accepting the offer of a Company to undertake the irrigation of a large tract of country in Lower Bengal, which, from the effects of alternate drought and floods, is now one of the most wretched districts in the Indian Peninsula. The reply—a simple negative—may have been prompted either by the highest wisdom or by the most inconceivable folly. The unfortunate abandonment of almost all public works in India does not encourage the more favourable interpretation, and it may perhaps be inferred that the Indian Government decline either to improve their own property or to suffer English capitalists to do it for them. Nothing is easier than to prove that Government subsidies for public works are a great mistake. Lord DERBY, when in office, did not hesitate to condemn the whole system of guarantees by which the railways of India have been created; and politicians of every party have since been ready enough to echo his opinions. Applicants for Government aid in this shape are received at once on the horns of a dilemma. If, say the Government, the enterprise is likely to be profitable, it would be better for us to keep it in our hands. If it is to be unprofitable, it would be bad policy to guarantee 5 per cent. to a company which is never likely to earn half as much. By granting a guarantee we, in fact, take all the risk, while we surrender to others, according to the terms of the convention, the whole, or part, of the expected profit. This reasoning is quite unanswerable; but practical statesmen may find more profitable occupation than the construction of strictly logical dilemmas. Despite the demonstrated inexpediency of the guarantee system, it has secured for India the benefits of railway communication with scarcely a chance of any permanent burden being cast on the public revenues. It is true that, if the Government had been wiser and bolder, it might have obtained for itself the profit which private companies will reap; but if the plan adopted was not the best in the world, it has been proved by the logic of facts to be infinitely better than no plan at all.

The same considerations apply with vastly greater force to schemes of irrigation. Railways were necessarily at first speculative investments. Canals and anicuts are familiar means of reaping profits varying from 20 to more than 100 per cent. So tempting is the prospect, that companies are eager to obtain permission for such works on the terms of sharing all gains above 5 per cent. with the Government. But the Indian authorities have learned enough of the almost fabulous returns obtained from some of their own undertakings to be most unwilling to part with a moiety of the magnificent revenue which may thus be realized. The aid of private enterprise is now systematically refused, because the Government know that they ought to do the work themselves; and the work is left undone, apparently because it would require a little effort and a little courage to engage in the most necessary and profitable undertakings at a time when a chronic deficit still remains to be got rid of. Thus, between two stools the project falls to the ground, the revenue dwindles away, and the people sink daily into deeper

distress. What strikes every one who looks into the subject is that there are no two sides to the question. Colonel COTTON, having had more experience in such matters than most Indian officers, may state the case more strongly than others; but there is absolutely no denial from any quarter of the enormous profits, both to the revenue and to the population, which are invariably secured by judicious works, especially in countries which form the Deltas of large rivers. The engineering theory of these operations as described by Colonel COTTON is extremely simple. All deltas require essentially the same treatment. From the physical character of such districts the various channels through which the stream finds its way to the sea are in a constant state of transition. The principal stream of one year will degenerate into a second-rate branch a short time later. Sometimes a new island will form with amazing rapidity in the midst of an important stream. Occasionally the upper portion of a branch will capriciously increase in breadth while the lower part remains so narrow as to be incapable of carrying off the volume of water which pours down after a tropical season of rain. Even in its best condition, the river affords an escape for the floods so utterly inadequate that whole provinces are swept over by periodical inundations, which not only destroy the fruits of industry, but waste the material which, if carefully stored up, would convert a year of drought and famine into one of plenty and happiness. The engineer obviates all these dangers by regulating the distribution of the water in proportion to the capacity of the channels. If the river takes a set towards one of the smaller channels, an embankment at the right spot turns it into a safer course. Islands and banks are removed at will by works directing the stream against or through the objectionable obstacle. At the same time, by a system of dams, and canals, and smaller cuts, the river is relieved from its flood-waters, which are stored up in readiness for the return of the dry season. The river, in fact, may be tamed, like any other power of nature, and made to help man's work instead of destroying it.

But this is only the scientific side of the matter, and the important question is always the financial one. What do such undertakings cost? How will they pay? England has grievously neglected her duty to India in this business of irrigation; but still she has done enough to remove all doubt about the remunerative character of irrigation works. Colonel COTTON's Report to the Madras Government in 1858 abounds in encouraging statistics. One comparison will exhibit the kind of results which have been attained. Rajmundry and Orissa are two deltas of nearly equal extent, and very similar in character. In Rajmundry, an expenditure of 180,000*l.* upon irrigation works, chiefly made during the eight years from 1846 to 1853, increased the public revenue by 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* a year, and more than doubled the exports of the district. In Orissa, no new works have been constructed, and those which we inherited from more enlightened native rulers have been imperfectly maintained. The district has suffered, in twenty-three years, three of famine, four of drought, and nine of more or less violent inundations. A large town is in constant danger of being literally swept away. The revenue remains stationary, or varies only by the greater or less amount of indulgence shown by remissions to the starving inhabitants. The average produce is not a quarter of that which is obtained from the more favoured district of Rajmundry; and nearly the whole difference has grown up since the construction of the works, which have exempted the one delta from the evils to which the other is still exposed. Perhaps the most pointed way in which the case can be stated is, that the revenue which has been sacrificed in necessary remissions would have sufficed, if employed on public works, to bring Orissa almost up to the level of prosperity enjoyed in Rajmundry.

One circumstance which greatly facilitates the improvement of the country by works of this description is the rapidity with which they become reproductive. The fruits of the labour of one year will supply the capital for more extensive operations in the next; and though the best plan might be to raise money enough to complete the most important undertakings without delay, it is practicable to carry them out more gradually without any very serious expenditure. Add to this, that the Government, by its possession of the land and its command of the services of engineers who are familiar with the work, is better qualified to carry through the enterprise than any private company, and there would seem to be no room for hesitation, unless all the facts which Colonel COTTON has collected can be in some way displaced

or explained away. Undisputed as they have remained to this day, they do most clearly prove his apparently paradoxical theory that the difficulties of Indian finance have arisen entirely from the expenditure having been so small. So far from the present being an inopportune time for such expenditure, it is precisely when the revenue of the country is insufficient that we can least afford to abandon investments which pay to the Government interest at a rate elsewhere undreamed of, and add in still greater measure to the wealth and happiness of its native subjects.

It is unfortunate that the value of irrigation works should have received just that half-measure of indolent appreciation which is more fatal than an entire disbelief in their alleged importance. The possible gain is so large that private speculators are warned off, but the indecision of the Government is at the same time quite enough to prevent any effective exertion of the public power. Not even in the case of railways, and still less in that of irrigation works, do we believe that the agency of a company is preferable to the direct action of a despotic Government like that of India. But there is something disingenuous as well as impolitic in refusing the aid of private enterprise on the plea that the task is one which belongs to the Government, and then neglecting the work which is pronounced too profitable to be surrendered into private hands. As usual, the inevitable three courses present themselves. The choice lies between Government action, Company action, and inaction; and there is too much reason to fear that, while the middle course is rejected because it is not the best, it will in reality be superseded by that which is admitted to be the worst of all.

Those who are most inclined to disparage Colonel COTTON's calculations as the visions of an over-sanguine engineer, cannot but admit that a *prima facie* case is made out in support of a policy of expenditure which has hitherto been attended by such marvellous results. No individual proprietor who had before him strong evidence of a mine of inexhaustible wealth upon his land, would delay an instant, first in satisfying himself of the fact, and then in employing all his capital and all his credit in realizing the wealth which was lying at his feet. It is said, and said on the best authority, that this is the present position of the Indian Government. If any doubt remains, they have the means of verifying or disproving the reports of their officers. If the alleged profit is really to be made, the Indian Government has still (in spite of its efforts to destroy it) abundant credit to enable it to set to work on the moderate scale which would suffice. Yet neither directly nor indirectly will it consent to save India by a reproductive outlay which would all return into the Treasury in the course of half-a-dozen years.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

THE opposition to the Budget by the great Public-house interest is compact and obstreperous. Before we examine the objections urged by these frightened and angry monopolists, it may be worth while to set down what it is that is objected to. It is not proposed directly to interfere with the existing public houses, but to issue excise licenses for eating-houses and refreshment-rooms according to a fixed tariff—the rate of payment varying in each case according to the annual value of the establishment and the class of license applied for. Thus, there is one scale of charges for eating-houses pure and simple—a second and higher scale for eating-houses with liberty to sell wine or beer—and a third and highest when the license is for the sale of wine and beer. Such, at least, was the scheme in its original form, but Mr. GLADSTONE now proposes to leave the existing system unaltered as regards the sale of beer, and to issue wine licenses only. All establishments licensed under the new regulations are, as a rule, to be closed between midnight and four A.M.; and if kept open between these hours, the price of the license is to be doubled. For ourselves, we should have preferred the course of withdrawing the licensing power from the magistrates. As in the case of tobaccoists and grocers, we do not see why the permission to sell liquor should not be as free as the permission to sell cigars or pepper. Infinite jobbing and favouritism are involved in the power at petty sessions to give or withdraw a license; and as it is not proposed that the fancied necessities of a neighbourhood should regulate the number of pastrycooks or restaurateurs, the licensed victuallers have this solitary stand-point of solid objection, that they will be placed at a disadvantage in their competition with the eating-houses in being compelled to go before

the magistrates for a license. We are not disposed to think that their *privilegium* of a monopoly in retailing spirits should expose them to this disadvantage; and we hardly think that, with the opening of the general liquor trade, the power at present exercised by local magistrates can be retained.

We must, however, do the licensed victuallers the bare justice to admit that their objections to the Budget do not rest on this or any other sound economical principle. They know that, practically, the magistrates' license tends to favour a monopoly; and they candidly admit that their clamour is instigated by their very businesslike sense of the value of monopoly. As they entered the trade in drink when it was shackled and confined, they urge that it ought to be for ever restricted. Sixty millions of capital, or whatever it is, being invested "on the faith" of a restricted trade and of a monopoly in compelling the public to swallow such wine, beer, and spirits, and at such prices, as the publicans and their patrons, the distillers and brewers, think fit—what the licensed victuallers require is, that this monopoly should be held sacred as a national institution. Mr. HOMER, a gentleman selected as the spokesman of the deputation of licensed victuallers in their interview with Mr. GLADSTONE—probably because his well-omened name might render him especially agreeable to the great Homeric critic—speaks out candidly. "The licensed victuallers thought they 'had a claim for consideration on account of the fact that 'they had invested 60,000,000*l.* of capital in their business. 'The proposed change would be highly detrimental to their 'interests,' and, as he afterwards expressed it, 'it would 'be a gross injustice to the licensed victuallers to deprive 'them of vested rights and to depreciate their property.' The theory of protection and self and class interests has never been stated with a more beautiful and explicit simplicity. The issue is intelligible. There are about twelve great London brewing firms, and perhaps as many first-rate distilleries; and their vested rights must be preserved intact. Rights to do what? Rights to invest capital in public-houses, in order to compel their tenants to take such beverages as they choose to supply, and of what quality and at what price they please—rights to put such a pressure on those tenants, by lending capital and advancing money, as to force the publicans to drug and adulterate their commodities in order to secure a decent profit—rights to compel the public to take these adulterated commodities at the monopoly price, or to go without a necessary of life. These are the "vested rights" which we are asked to maintain. The principle of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal is to break up the monopoly of the liquor traffic—the principle of the publicans and their landlords is to continue it. And then see how the monopoly works as regards the consumer. It is impossible to get a decent luncheon at a moderate price without encountering the alcoholized atmosphere of the public-house, where ladies find it both unbecoming and unsafe to enter. Mr. GLADSTONE vindicates the extension of business to the pastrycook and restaurateur in the interests of the revenue. This ground, however, is far too narrow, and we urge the policy of the proposed change on broader grounds. It may happen, and it does happen, that in very considerable towns, such as Oxford, it is impossible to get a luncheon, with even the moderate garnishing of a single glass of sherry or pale ale, except under the compulsion of entering the "Mitre" or the "Star," at the immoderate charge of eighteen-pence, or probably two shillings—so stringent and comprehensive is the publicans' monopoly. And to the cumbrous formalities by which a chop, or a patty, or a dozen of oysters can be swallowed, with the natural accompaniment of a glass of brown stout, the experience of all hungry souls bears sufficient witness. The victuallers seem to have forgotten the duty which their name imposes. What we get at their shops is all drink, and no victuals—what the Budget promises is victuals and drink in moderation and decency. We want meat and liquor—not the public-house refreshment of oceans of drugged beer, and rivers of gin, with a single mouldy biscuit.

To do the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER simple justice, he has only betrayed an inchoate squeezableness on the wrong point. The deputation of publicans insisted, not without justice, as we have said, on the unfairness of subjecting their licenses to the magistrates and leaving those of the pastrycooks to the Excise. And it is quite plain that the two classes ought to be placed on the same footing. But Mr. GLADSTONE seemed disposed to yield to the suggestion that the magistrates should be empowered to issue the new

licenses; whereas the right course, as suggested at Liverpool, would be to relieve the magistrates from any connexion with licenses at all. The tendency of the magistrates' power is to limit the number of houses of public entertainment, on the supposed ground that a certain amount of population can support only a certain number of victuallers. The interests of Free-trade, however, require this to be left to the ordinary laws of demand and supply. If it is right to prevent excessive drinking by limiting the number of liquor-shops, it must be equally right to prevent excessive smoking or excessive consumption of spices by assigning only a certain number of tobacconists and a fixed proportion of grocers to population.

The funniest part of the publicans' assault on the Budget is that they come forward as champions of public morality; and, consistently enough, the organ of the licensed victuallers is filled with rhetorical appeals to the religious world on the profrugacy of extending the trade in intoxicating drinks. *Quousque tandem abutere Gladstone patientiam nostram* is the actual language used, in all its elegant Latinity, by a correspondent of the journal which is equally strong in its advocacy of the doctrines of free grace and restricted trade in strong drink; and just as the old Scotch preacher, in his exuberant charity, prayed for the puir deil, we are asked of our charity to pity the sorrows of the Social Evils of the Haymarket. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to double the license tariff of all night houses; and while one correspondent of the publicans' organ has the courage to propose (Feb. 16) "a tax on houses of ill-fame, as at Rome and elsewhere on the Continent," Mr. JOHN PERCIVAL, in the very same newspaper, complains "that we are induced by the Budget to 'squeeze the frail fair ones and their panderers by seeking 'to eke out our resources by the wages of prostitution, 'much to the detriment of that class for whose interests 'those houses are kept open till two or six o'clock in the morning."

We do not profess to enter into this curious objection to the Budget; but it is a pretty moral consolation to find the licensed victuallers, who object to anything which shall lessen the profits of street-walkers, coming out strong as the defenders of public morality. The ministers of all denominations, the teetotallers, the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law, Temperance Societies, and Mr. Recorder HILL, are summoned in fervid accents to be up and doing. But, curiously enough, this moral summons is sounded from the entrenched camp of the licensed victuallers. That publicans should be the fervid advocates of total abstinence is an ethical phenomenon as curious as that Spain should pay its debts without compulsion. We highly applaud the zeal of these new converts to the moral duty of sobriety; and the homily, considering the pulpit from which it is preached, has not been equalled since GRACCHUS enlarged on the crime of sedition, and Reynard the Fox preached on the sins of gluttony and thievery. We are, indeed, a moral people, when the publicans charge Mr. GLADSTONE with encouraging drunkenness. Hidden saints are the glory of religion, and it is only in the last crisis of public virtue that we find out the lurking holiness of publicans and harlots, who have all along been moaning in spirit, and vexing their pious souls over the shocking depravity of the age in its sins of insobriety and uncleanness. What a flood of evils is about to be poured over the land by that immoral Budget:—"Not only shall we have the working classes degraded by 'these temptations to intemperance, but our females and 'domestic servants, and even the children, will be tempted 'to these places for their pennyworth of wine." "These 'houses will become the regular resort of all the dissolute 'men and abandoned women in London, and the facilities 'which will be given to indulgence in immoral practices 'will make these places the high road to ruin." "Let 'women,' we are solemnly warned by An Englishwoman, 'be able to obtain wine at a pastrycook's as easily as they 'can an ice or a jelly, and, my word for it, hundreds and 'thousands will avail themselves of the privilege beyond the 'limit of health and refreshment." These new licensed houses will be only places of "assignation" and worse crimes. This may be partially true, and it is certain that, with a free-trade in liquors, the powers of the police must be enlarged; but the curious thing is the quarter from which these terrible denunciations of evil come. The publican's bar, though we knew it not, is the temple of all the cardinal virtues. Chastity sits enthroned on the existing spirit vat; Sobriety's chosen home is at the Chequers; while Temperance dispenses its cooling beverage in the Pot

and Mutchkin. The reproof of sin is perhaps none the worse when Satan rebukes it; but the most solid argument against this portion of the Budget is such a complaint as the following, which, for its condensed and admirable line of argument, and for its dray-horse strength of expression, merits general attention. "I am acquainted"—says a correspondent who boldly signs himself "One whose Interests are Threatened"—"with a gentleman who, three months ago, gave the large sum of 10,000*l.* premium for a public-house, in consideration of its being surrounded by factories, a large working population, and two or three eating and coffee houses in close proximity. This house has hitherto always enjoyed the privilege of serving these eating-houses—hence the reason of its commanding so great a price. Now, should this Budget be endorsed, of course these eating and coffee-house keepers will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented to them of supplying the wants of their customers from their own cellars. The instant this takes place, the value of this man's property is diminished at least 3000*l.* or 4000*l.*" A hard case, indeed; and we freely admit its certainty. And of course, when we have to choose between the interests of all that large working population, with the two or three eating-house proprietors, on the one hand, and that of the gentleman who has invested his 10,000*l.* in the public-house, on the other, no man who has bowels of compassion tenderer than those of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. COBDEN can hesitate about duty. On the whole, we should recommend this line of argument, in that particular quarter from which it emanates, as being rather more to the purpose than the parallel column which gives us such edifying appeals to "the clergy, temperance societies, and all friends of decency, order, and morality, to avert this public calamity, which will encourage drunkenness, legalize immorality, offer every opportunity and temptation to vice, crime, and debauchery, and turn London, from one end to the other, into one huge *café*."

SIR ROBERT PEELE AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

IT is highly creditable to the general good sense of the country that Sir Robert Peel should have been the first person who thought the obvious jests about boys playing at soldiers, and fat lawyers being promoted from serjeants to be serjeant-majors, worth picking up for the sake of throwing ridicule on one of the most important national movements that have been witnessed in this country for many years. It is not, perhaps, to be apprehended that these very small jokes should have any real effect; but it is very important that an institution which can only be supported by considerable sacrifices of time and trouble should be protected by public good sense from that foolish ridicule which is so often, and unhappily so successfully, employed against every attempt to be of use to individuals or to the community which rises in the least degree above the most common-place level.

All the jokes that can be made about Volunteering are mere variations on the phrase "playing at soldiers." They are different ways of imputing that the spirit of the whole movement is puerile and affected, and of predicting that its results will be worthless. We believe that such imputations are grossly unjust, and that it shows a mixture of thoughtlessness and folly to make them which cannot be seen without deep regret in one who bears an illustrious name. If Sir Robert Peel's language has any definite meaning at all, it must mean that civilians can never be of any use in the defence of the country, and that they must leave that object entirely in the hands of the fleet and the regular army; for there can be no doubt that, if they ever can co-operate with them, the organization which is at present being brought to perfection is the very best of all possible means of teaching them to do so. Every one must be the best judge of what his own sense of honour and dignity requires, and possibly if the country were—under any one of several not impossible contingencies—to be suddenly invaded by a French army superior in force to our own regular troops, Sir Robert Peel would feel that in paying his share of the taxes he had done all that was required of a good Englishman towards the defence of his native land, and would see the Zouaves mounting guard in Whitehall and at St. James's Palace with regret, but without shame. Few persons, we should hope, would envy his feelings. We cannot all be the sons of great statesmen and the brothers of gallant sailors, but there are many hundred thousand men engaged in peaceful occupations in this country who would feel that, if such a calamity were to happen without their having done all that strong arms and stout hearts (which are not the exclusive property of regular troops) could do to prevent it, they would have to sneak through the rest of their lives with a brand of infamy and cowardice upon them which nothing could ever efface. There are duties which cannot be delegated, and the defence, in the last resort, of all that men hold dear is one of them. If foreign troops were levying contributions in London, and if our laws, our liberties, and our very lives were at their mercy, could we quiet our consciences under

that intolerable and unutterable infamy by the reflection that we had raised a considerable army, which had been unfortunately beaten? To every man who was not disabled by sickness or old age, the question would come, Why did you not die yourself rather than submit? Were you so feeble, so cowardly, so supine, or so wretchedly engrossed in making money, that you could not learn to fire a shot or to thrust a bayonet in the defence of that which is worth ten thousand times more than your wretched and disgraced existence? There are probably in this country considerably more than a million young men, in the very flower of their age, and superior in physical strength, in courage, and in aptitude for every sort of manly exercise, to any similar population in the world, who, if they took Sir Robert Peel's advice, might have to ask themselves such questions as these in the event of an invasion, for it is obvious that Volunteering can only be useless now, on the supposition that the Volunteers would be useless then.

Nothing short of maintaining the absolute uselessness of a Volunteer force in the extreme case of invasion could justify Sir Robert Peel's language, and such an assertion is so extravagantly absurd that it really does not require argument. That civilians of the military age are in no way inferior to soldiers, either in activity, in hardihood, or in physical strength, is a proposition of the truth of which no one who opens his eyes can doubt. Even if the drilling of the volunteers is to be described as playing at soldiers, it may be as well to remember that athletic games are by no means contemptible things. Shooting, hunting, cricket, boating, mountaineering, are all in the nature of games; but to play at them with spirit and success requires qualities which it would be absurd in any one, and especially absurd in a soldier, to despise. Now, the classes which play at such games as these with the greatest amount of vigour and daring are the very classes from which most of the volunteer companies are supplied; and if they display anything like the energy in their new pursuit which many hundreds of them have already displayed in their old ones, it is idle to say that their services would be merely contemptible or ridiculous. If Sir Robert Peel would pay a visit to the banks of the Cam, the Isis, or the Thames on any fine afternoon in summer, he would see many scores of young and athletic men devoting themselves, merely for amusement, to the very hardest labour to which muscles and sinews can be put. He would see them drilled to move together with the most exact obedience to the word of command, and to go through complicated motions requiring a large amount of strength and skill with the most exact and mechanical regularity. In the autumn, he might see men tramping all day, with guns on their shoulders, over moors, through stubble fields and covers on the sides of Scotch mountains, or by the banks of rocky and inaccessible rivers. If he went to Switzerland, he would see people clambering over glaciers and precipices where the chamois cannot pass, sleeping on the rocks above the line of eternal snow, and hewing staircases out of the ice to ascend peaks where no human foot ever rested before. Nay, on every village-green he will see scores of cricketers on any summer evening. If he inquired who these people were, he would find that they are the very men whose claims to be of the least use in the defence of their country appear so absurd to him—lawyers, merchants, and tradesmen, who have not lost in their chambers and counting-houses and shops that love which is natural to all Englishmen for open-air and hardy exercise, and for the excitement and adventure of any pursuit which throws a man on his own resources and teaches him to know his own strength. It seems to us that, if such men are encouraged to play at soldiers to as much purpose and with as much interest as their ancestors played at archery, and as they themselves play at cricket and boating and Alpine climbing, they need not be afraid to accept the challenge of any Continental club which may come over here to have a match; and if the amateurs were to beat the professional players it would not be for the first time. For our own parts, we would bet on eleven of All England against the best eleven in France.

There is, no doubt, one point on which Sir Robert Peel may have the best of the controversy, unless the spirit of the country and the support of all who have any weight whatever in the matter puts him in the wrong. If the Volunteer movement does really die out like a mere flash in the pan, all those who have been concerned in it will have richly deserved all the ridicule which can be bestowed upon them. The object of volunteering is to make invasion impossible, to put an end to panics, and to give the country that position in Europe to which its immense wealth and strength justly entitle it. When the strong man is armed he is likely to keep his goods in peace; but so long as he is unarmed, he is never in a thoroughly safe and dignified position with respect to those who are nearly as strong as he. For many years past we have never been brought into unsatisfactory relations with France without being thrown into a state of most undignified alarm and most anxious calculation as to the possibility and probability of the march of a French army to London. A good and permanent Volunteer force would put an end to this in the most natural and constitutional way. Nothing else would, except an increase of the regular army to the Continental standard, and this would be a remedy worse than the disease. It would be totally intolerable to have 200,000 regular troops loitering over the whole surface of the country, and proving by their presence that the boldest and freest nation in the world had solemnly declared itself incapable of defending its own liberties by any other mode than that

of creating a separate military caste, which has been fatal to liberty and prosperity wherever it has existed. A small regular army is necessary for many purposes. We have many garrisons; we have had, and no doubt shall have again, foreign wars, and such a force would, in case of need, be invaluable at home; but the people of England cannot, without disgrace, give up the principal share in their own defence, and they cannot, without great imprudence, rely exclusively, as they formerly did, upon the sea and the fleet. We must therefore defend ourselves in our own proper persons; and the duty of every man who has at heart the greatness and safety of the country is to strengthen the hands of those who take upon themselves this duty by every means in his power. It is a duty, and a most solemn and important one; and it is the business of us all to see that it is not looked upon as child's play, but that it is set upon a foundation solid enough to last as long as the nation itself. For this reason we view with the greatest satisfaction, and with the best hopes for their success, the efforts which are being made in all directions to countenance Volunteering at the public schools, the Universities, and every other centre in which the rising generation may be taught how to defend their country. As to the usefulness of such efforts, we will only say that we utterly disbelieve in the existence of any force on this earth which could get the better of the whole body of the English people skilled in the use of deadly weapons and fighting for their very existence. If any one wishes to know what several hundred thousand trained Englishmen would be able, in case of need, to do in and for England, let him reflect on what some thirty thousand Englishmen did when taken by surprise and scattered over the whole of India. There were Volunteers at Lucknow and Agra and Delhi; but those who met them had very little cause to laugh.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

THERE is only one part of the French system of education that is at all striking or worth copying, and that is the great attention paid by the French to their own language. They not only make their young people understand the niceties of grammar and idiom, and familiarize them with the writings of the safer standard authors, but they lay great stress on proper pronunciation, and on all that goes to make up good expression of thought both in conversation and on paper. The consequence is that the French, both in talking and writing, express themselves better than any other people. We do not, however, wish to see the same system adopted in England merely that we may eclipse or rival the French in the arts of expression. We wish to see the regular and laborious study of English adopted as a part of English education, and especially of the education of girls, because there is no branch of education which is more educative, which leads to more practical and fertile results, and effects more thoroughly the objects at which education aims. The study of our own language has the great advantage of making us take great pains with regard to a subject which interests us throughout the whole of our lives. Every day we speak and write English, and if we once speak and write good English, we have the pleasure of practising constantly an art in which we excel. The study of English grammar, and of the construction of English sentences, has also the great advantage of giving just as much of an insight into logic and mental philosophy as can be gained without a much more thorough attention to those sciences than can be bestowed by women. Of course it is important to have a second, and possibly a third, language to compare with the English; and English grammar is better understood when French grammar and German grammar are known. But unless the study of English is made the principal study, there is nothing illustrated by the materials of illustration. How good, again, it is that even ladies should speak with precision, everybody is agreed; but people are apt to suppose that precision in language—the right use of the right words—comes all of itself, like the babies in the strawberry-beds. It is, on the contrary, so difficult to talk or write precisely, that the art is one which well-educated people go on learning to the end of their lives. We may add that the knowledge of the English language has the attraction of giving a stamp that is wholly out of the reach of vulgar imitation. Every process of female education is copied from the higher by the lower classes. The daughters of the smallest country tradesmen speak French and German, play Beethoven, draw chalk heads, and write bills in the most elegantly-sloped handwriting. But at present none but ladies can speak English; and as even they have ample room for advancing in correctness and delicacy of language, they may soothe the labour which the study of English will cost them by reflecting that they will thus retain their relative superiority in the point where it is most incontestable. The time may come when all the subjects of some descendant of the Queen will speak perfect English; but that will be in the happy days when every Englishman will dine off roast beef.

At this particular period of history, it is more particularly necessary that English should be studied than it is ordinarily. For the language is liable to a great risk of deterioration. It is spoken in every quarter of the globe, and by millions of persons exposed to very different influences. The worst aberrations from purity of style thus produced are not very likely to prevail in the mother country, where the standard will always be mainly set by persons of high cultivation. But lesser faults are likely to be adopted even here, and especially when they are adopted from admiration of a bad model. The example, perhaps, is first

set by some favourite author. He is slightly imitated here. This imitation sets the fashion in America. He is greatly imitated there; and then this increase of imitation tells on us, and he is imitated here ten times as much as before. Several authors, for instance, whom we do not care to particularize, have fostered the habit of using grand vague expressions which conceal a very small amount of meaning under a seemingly deep and epigrammatic word or phrase. This has been copied and recopied until even clever people have come to employ terms that are supposed to be profound and startling, but which have either no meaning, or a meaning most remotely connected with that which the terms employed ought to convey. A book has very recently been published in America, containing the literary remains of a great literary star, Margaret Fuller Ossoli. A casual reader may open on an essay upon the writings of Emerson, and he will there find a passage in which the lady informs us that "the lectures of Emerson were not so much lectures as theogonies." If she had gone on to say that they were even more like brickbats than theogonies, she would scarcely have added to the obscurity of her expression. The authors whom she admired had taught her to jump at hard mysterious words when she was not quite sure what she meant to say, and she jumped at "theogony," and evidently thought she had managed to do herself credit, and throw new and important light on the value of Emerson's writings. Nor is it only because the wide circle of popular admiration tends to produce a repetition of the faults of popular authors that English deserves especial study now, but also because there are now many terms being introduced into the language which, legitimate and useful in themselves, ought to be employed with the greatest caution. These terms are borrowed generally from Continental nations, and are useful because they express at once the looseness and extent of modern thought, but are dangerous because they may easily be made to cover an entire haziness and thinness of thought. As examples, we may give such expressions as "the Eastern or Italian question," "development," "influence," "interests," "officious," "aesthetic," "subjective." It is foolish to avoid such expressions altogether. They are not to be ranked with calling lectures theogonies; but they are indefinite terms, and can only be used by precise thinkers and writers with the due degree of want of precision. Frenchmen, and Englishmen who have adopted a Continental style, often use such expressions so carelessly and profusely that the little thought they have to convey melts away in the vapour of their language.

It is, certainly, much easier to lay down generally that English should be studied than to say how it is to be studied. But the study must evidently be divided into two branches—the study of the language itself, and the study of the authors who have written it best. The mere rules of grammar may be assumed to be known. The next step is to understand the principles on which these rules are founded. Then comes the examination into the meaning of the words, and the distinction between words having a superficial resemblance. Fortunately this portion of the general subject has been treated by writers so able and interesting as Archbishop Whately and Dean Trench. There is also much labour to be expended in acquiring the art of continuous narrative, and this is a point to which especial attention is very sensibly directed in French education. Young people cannot be expected to compose original essays worth much, but they may learn how to give summaries of what they read, and to tell a story straight through without losing the point, hurrying to the conclusion, or wandering into unnecessary details. Few persons, again, can say what they mean, or know what they mean to say. By nature, perhaps, we have all got a rudimentary tendency to call Emerson's lectures theogonies, although good influences and good fortune have nipped this tendency in the bud. Proper education would, we may be sure, have prevented the unhappy American lady who used this expression from employing it. It is within the power of teachers to do very much to produce purity and accuracy of expression. They can make their pupils write their best. They can cut out all the hard and fine words, and, having first made the intended sense clear, they can have it expressed in the simplest possible language. At present, the teachers would probably find themselves rather incompetent to teach English, but, if a resolution were made that this should be the chief part of education, so much intelligence and industry would be directed into the channel that English would be taught properly. At first, there would be a great deal of pedantry, and rules would be taught and enforced with a silly minuteness. But there must be a beginning to everything, and soon English would be at least as well taught as Greek is at a public school.

The study of English means, however, a great deal more than the study of style. It means the study of English literature, an acquaintance with the thoughts of the greatest Englishmen, and a knowledge of their lives and actions. Hardly any feeling is more valuable to cultivate than a pride in England founded on knowledge, just as few feelings are more dangerous and absurd than a national pride founded on ignorance. If persons of ordinary education had been made in youth to read carefully a large portion of the English classics, had studied in detail the critical periods of English history, and had been taught to picture to themselves the lives and characters of eminent Englishmen, they would have through life a basis of self-respect, and a very valuable standard of taste. It would be going a great deal too far to say that any education whatever will entirely preserve each generation from its own

favourite errors of taste. In spite of all their training, and of their acquaintance with their standard authors, the French are continually guilty of literary faults unrivalled in England. We have never got quite so low as to think we could produce an effect by breaking up a paragraph into a series of sentences printed separately. But in England there is much more literary activity than in France, and every improvement made here would tell much more certainly and rapidly than there. There are many books that impose on British readers which we may be sure would be unpalatable to a public accustomed from childhood to read the best English and imbued with the sound English sense of this and preceding generations. It must be remembered, also, that in this country we all start with a knowledge of a book written in the best style that the country can show. The English Bible is a masterpiece of English, and a very little attention directed to its excellences would make these excellences a standard of what English should be. Of course, differences of taste will still prevail. There is no one form of style that is in itself the best. The English of De Quincey or Lord Macaulay is as good as the English of Southey or Addison. For most purposes a simple style is most suitable; and it has the great advantage that, when attained, it does not bear the impress of obvious imitation; whereas an admirer of De Quincey or Lord Macaulay is detected at once, and loses a portion of his credit because he seems to shine in borrowed feathers. A quiet style, very intelligible, and only brilliant or pointed because it is the vehicle of lively thought, is the most effective for most purposes to most minds. The English of Mr. Thackeray, for example, is as good working English as has ever been written. But this is all we can say. Ornate, elevated, and sonorous English is capital in its way and in its proper place; and nothing could be more undesirable than to instil a pedantic notion that there was some great idol of style to whom all should bow down. If young people are made acquainted with the best models of different styles, they will choose for their own favourite reading the one with which their native tastes have most affinity.

In some of the places of public and private education the study of English has already been made a part of the course of instruction. Experience only will show how far this can be advantageously extended. For boys, the study of the classical languages and of mathematics is the great requisite, in favour of which almost everything else must be sacrificed. It is at home that the study of English should be chiefly promoted for boys. But for girls it might be made the chief part of education. All good judges and good teachers lament the present system of girls' education. It is all cramming, and with such very poor results. After all is over, girls know very little and care about less. Most girls are decidedly stupid, and what good can cramming of the most barren and repulsive kind do to stupid girls? We should consider what we want women to be. That they should be trained to be good and generous is by far the first thing, but we must not consider that part of their education now. The next thing is that they should be well-mannered and healthy. The third requisite is that they should know how to express themselves—should have a right standard in judging books and men, and public and private life. This is chiefly to be acquired by the study of English. The fourth requisite is that they should know how to bear rule in a household; and, as we said last week, the study of cookery is a very important aid in gaining this knowledge. These are all the essentials; for we are to suppose writing, arithmetic, and geography learnt as matters of course in early childhood. For not one of these essentials is cramming at all necessary. The gain of knowing French is in many ways so great that its acquisition should also in most cases be made compulsory; and if a young lady has a turn for music or drawing, she may as well cultivate it. But if education is not to be a mere system of cramming, it is obvious how much the importance of studying English will be increased; for it is here that the real honest labour of education will be bestowed, and it is here that education, once begun, will never be ended through life.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

WE can venture to speak of the great event fixed for the 16th of April without any danger of not being understood. It is beginning to be known, even in circles where sporting newspapers are never seen, that the fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, called the Benicia Boy, is to take place on the day named; and it is evident to every one who observes what is passing in society, that both in Great Britain and the United States this battle is regarded with an unusually deep and extensive interest. The explanation of this change of sentiment towards prize-fighting is to be found, we think, in various circumstances. In the first place, the international character which has been ascribed to the approaching contest gives to it an importance which an ordinary match between two Englishmen, arranged perhaps for the benefit of a few sporting publicans, could not claim. We are by no means sure that this match has not attained its world-wide fame contrary to the intention of the parties principally concerned. It is of course the business of Tom Sayers, as Champion of England, to answer all worthy challengers; but we believe that his opponent rather declines the honour which has been thrust upon him of representing the pugilism of America. He is reported to have said that he has come to England to fight Tom Sayers, because he wishes to fight him, and for no other

reason. Nevertheless, the public appears to be determined to look upon the Benicia Boy as the champion of the United States, and to treat the issue of this fight as a matter of national importance.

But it seems to us that there is another and a deeper reason why prize-fighting is likely to regain some of the consideration which it enjoyed fifty years ago. The truth is, that the minds of men are being carried more and more every day towards the subjects which chiefly interested them when the King was supported by the wealthy and the noble, just as openly and generally as the Race-course now is. Amid the din of prolonged war, prize-fighting reached its highest, as in the slumber of profound peace it sunk to its lowest point. There is much in the modern proceedings of the Ring which nobody can defend, and much more which many will dislike; but as soon as it is generally felt that fighting in sober earnest may possibly become every man's highest duty, any imitation of actual battle which calls forth courage, skill, and perseverance, is certain to acquire popularity, in spite of adjuncts which are coarse and brutal, and such as sensitive natures shrink from with intense disgust. In a country where it is known that honour and property are only safe so long as its citizens are ready to fight in their defence, the nature which loves fighting for its own sake will always command respect. A man like Tom Sayers, who left his business as a bricklayer for mere devotion to boxing, possesses, we may say, a character which, in proportion as it prevails among Englishmen, will make this country feared abroad and safe at home. We hope and believe that there are many thousands like him in strength and spirit, but sticking to their business, whatever it be, steadily, and yet ready for a fight with any one who may think fit to challenge them, and looking upon the use of arms, not as a disagreeable duty, but as a pleasant interlude in the daily routine of life.

It may surprise some persons, but it is nevertheless true, that Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated. For what, let us ask, is the course of training which these champions must undergo at their country quarters during the weeks which precede the fight? The first principle necessary to be observed is "to keep the body in temperance, soberness, and chastity." Indeed, the leading rules which guide the judicious trainer might almost all be found in the New Testament. "To keep under the body, and bring it into subjection," is a precept of which no one knows the value better than the successful prize-fighter. The maxim, "so run that ye may obtain," is frequently forgotten by the candidates for literary and scientific and forensic eminence, but never by the aspirant to the honour of the champion's belt. The boxer knows that he is nothing without training, and accordingly he trains diligently. But, as the *Oracle of the Ring* puts it, "the mass of mankind who indulge in excesses of every kind—in too much eating, drinking, sleep, sloth, smoking, &c.—would go through the task of life, would discharge their respective duties much better, far quicker, and with vastly greater ease to themselves, did they submit to training." We believe this is true of every one of life's duties; but it is in an eminent degree true of a duty which many men have lately undertaken to perform—we mean the duty of Volunteer riflemen. A great part of the doubt which veteran officers entertain as to the utility of Volunteers would be dissipated if the precepts laid down for general training in *Fistiana* were diligently acted upon during the next three months. We should then see bodies of active, patient, Volunteer soldiers ready to bear at least as much fatigue as any regiment of the Line, and to bear it with more cheerfulness. "It is not demanded of professional men that they should train rigidly like the boxer. Their occupations would not permit it; but to imitate his mode of training as far as circumstances will allow." The training which is here recommended depends only upon diet and exercise. A man who had habitually practised it lately showed himself able, at more than seventy years of age, to walk from London to Canterbury. "Depend upon it," says the author of *Fistiana*, "that man had been a temperate, a sober, nay, a chaste man." He bids his readers look for their examples to the savages of North America, "whose lives from childhood to old age were a long hard course of rigid training." Those savages, he says, were ever watchful, ever exercising themselves. They commanded their passions. They became tough as the ash of their mountains. They consumed what nature required, and no more. And this is the model which the boxer must set before himself in training, and which should also be studied by every Englishman who desires to serve his country with the full capacity which Heaven has given him. The boxer's mode of life ought to be so simple and natural that it is to be feared that in London only a distant imitation of it would be possible. He is to rise with the sun, and in summer-time he is also to go to bed with it. His food is to be beef and mutton, plainly cooked, country-made bread, and a very moderate allowance of genuine home-brewed beer. If possible, let him avoid tea and coffee altogether; but if the habit of taking them cannot be wholly laid aside, he must be content to drink them cold. But he will do far better to give them up entirely, and to take at his breakfast water-gruel. "At any hour of the day or night let no man who seeks health deny himself all-potent water-gruel." Perhaps we cannot better convey a notion of the strictness of the precepts set forth in *Fistiana* than by saying that water-gruel is the only luxury with regard to which the author omits to insist upon his golden rule of "moderation—moderation—moderation."

Such, then, are the limits of sensual enjoyment prescribed to the combatants in the interval before the fight. Of the active duties of a boxer in training—of his walking, running, sparring with his preceptor, pummelling away at stuffed sacks, and wielding clubs and dumb-bells—it is enough to say, that when the day of battle comes, it is often felt as a relief from the more severe punishment of the preparation. Many a pugilist has exulted in his escape from his trainer's hands into his adversary's, just as, in armies where a severe discipline prevails, the actual duties of a campaign come to be looked upon as a sort of holiday. And we believe, from the character of the men, that the 16th of April will be awaited by Sayers and Heenan in the same cheerful spirit. It is to be hoped that the American's demand for a fair field and no favour will be conceded. If the Ring is ever to regain its ancient reputation, the first step will be to make sure that all the proceedings in it are above suspicion of partiality in umpires, or of dishonesty in combatants. If that condition could be fulfilled, we think that neither the danger to life and limb, nor the repulsive features of a prize-fight, would prevent these exhibitions from now recovering a good deal of the popularity which they enjoyed during the last great war. Even Mr. Williams, who is so shocked at military and naval flogging, has counted the fists of Lambeth among the means of defence available against a French invasion. Certainly, if there were in Lambeth ten thousand volunteers capable of administering to an enemy the terrible upper-cut of the Champion, we might safely reckon upon them to put *hors de combat* a large hostile force by the use only of the cheapest and simplest of all weapons. We venture to suggest that, after the opinion he has expressed of the value of pugilistic skill, it would only be right of Mr. Williams to display the Champion's colours in the House of Commons. We are told that they are made of the finest silk, and that the design is most beautifully executed. It is, "the standard of England in the centre, the British lion rampant in each corner, upon a cream-coloured ground, with a crimson border." This must be a very neat thing, and would look uncommonly well upon Mr. Williams. But whoever wears these colours, we do hope that they will be sullied by no unfairness towards a foreigner whose friends upon the field may be but few. If the Ring can on this occasion prove itself capable of honesty, the world will not in future be so much surprised, as probably it now is, on hearing that patience, temperance, and self-control are often displayed by prize-fighters in a very high and rare degree.

THE OPPOSITION IN FRANCE.

THERE is nothing which more forcibly strikes the Englishman in Paris than the contrast between the bright and careless life which fills the streets, and the discontent which he everywhere finds when he looks below the surface. Nowhere does the general aspect of things exhibit so little to alarm, but hardly in any city of the world is the breach between the Government and all that is best in the population so wide and so profound. We propose very briefly to pass in review the various sections of the Opposition, and to try to estimate what are their chances of bringing about a change.

And, first, we may put on one side all those politicians who are, *par excellence*, the partisans of fallen dynasties. Neither Legitimists nor Orleansists can do anything as isolated sections. The future may belong to one or other, or to both united. Into this question we shall enter on a future day; but it is obvious that they will depend, for any success which they may have, on their power of being able to attract to themselves some of the other elements of opposition. The most numerous and powerful body of malcontents is unquestionably the extreme Republican party. They are the best organized—they are the most daring. They alone are ready to issue into the streets with their weapons in their hands, and without waiting for any military *pronunciamento*, if the turn of the wheel of fortune gives them an opportunity. It is against them that the Government is most severe. As soon as a workman who is known to entertain Socialist opinions becomes too influential in his factory, the eye of the police is upon him. He is a fortunate man if he has never been the object of "measures of administrative precaution," or condemned in a political trial. If he has, he will disappear some morning, and people will ask no questions. What redress has he?—the press is gagged. Is he in some distant town of France?—who can tell?

It is difficult to say who are the leaders of this party. There are men beyond the frontier whose names are rallying cries, and who might have a part to play in a revolution. Louis Blanc, Blanqui, Proudhon, have all their friends. Ledru Rollin would seem to have lost much of his influence. In all probability, however, the true leaders are unknown persons, whose names would become famous over half the world if the demon of Revolution were once again unloosed. An eminent Republican once remarked to us—"In the last ten years a new France has grown up, as to the opinions of which we can only guess vaguely. Thousands and tens of thousands of workmen now speculate on political subjects, and try to cultivate themselves. Strangely enough, their favourite system of self-education is to read largely the old French classics. They think that it is by these studies that we are their superiors. What their exact tenets are, we cannot say, but they have a profound distrust of all the class to which we belong—of every man who wears a black coat."

The Republican world of Paris is an under-world. The writer is free to confess that he was astonished to find so few Republicans in the most educated class. He left England with the impression that a well-regulated Republic was the form of Government most suited to France. He returned fully persuaded that the form of Republic which has—at least in our day—most chance of establishing itself in that country, is not the ordered Republic towards which European society is perhaps moving, but one of a strongly Socialistic tinge—a Republic which could hardly last, but would again end in a military despotism.

With regard to the Secret Societies which were so much talked of a few years ago, we have no information. That they exist is certain. The influence of the Italian Secret Societies, brought to bear upon the Emperor in a sufficiently emphatic way, had much to do with the present state of things in the Peninsula, and we doubt not that their French correlatives have great power. It is also quite indisputable that there are many persons in France who firmly believe that nothing will be right till, as they express it, "the guillotine has promenaded through the country." We believe, however, that such desperadoes have but few representatives, though "not none," amongst the better class. We could ourselves mention only one name.

From the *émeutiers* of St. Antoine and St. Marceau—we pass to the opposite pole of social life—to the *frondeurs* of the salons and the *Institut*. And here we may pause for a moment to correct an erroneous impression which we have found in this country even among the best informed. The Imperial Government, while it crushes everything like public discussion and tramples into dust meetings, lectures, and all our apparatus for ventilating great questions, is sufficiently tolerant of conversation in private houses. The Emperor must know as well as any one else the estimation in which he is held by Parisian society; and his law-officers might no doubt find many opportunities of annoyance if the Imperial will set them to work. Louis Napoleon, however, has, to do him justice, the good sense to allow much that might be dangerous if suppressed to effervesce in talk, and is content to allow epigrams to temper despotism as best they may. Anything like political combination would be stopped instantly, and an attempt to found a too political *salon*, some little time ago, was promptly put down; but political chat is voted harmless at the Tuileries, and we could mention one well-known drawing-room of which a friend of ours said with much truth—"This is the large room at Brooks's translated into French."

The opposition of the *Institut*, which, so to speak, runs into this, has a more serious character. The Palais Mazarin has inherited some portion of the power of the Palais Bourbon. Far be it from us to echo the base words which were uttered by some of the organs of public opinion in this country on the appearance of M. Villemain's pamphlet. We deeply regret the publication of that work. We deeply regret the attitude which many politicians of his school have taken up on the Italian question; but we protest against any attacks directed against a body of men who cannot be held in too great honour. The *Institut* is now in some sort the House of Peers of France. An admission into one of the five Academies is the highest privilege to which any Frenchman of noble mind can at present look forward. It is for this reason that an election like that of Lacordaire is of so great importance. Undoubtedly there are persons in France who deserve a seat in the *Académie Française* far better than the eloquent Dominican; but for the moment it is above all things necessary to prevent Imperialism becoming strong in the last refuge of Constitutional opinion. The literary Opposition, whether represented by men like M. Michelet working far from the agitation of contemporary politics in honourable poverty, or by writers who, like M. Prevost-Paradol, contrive to harass the powers that be by the keenness of their satire without giving the Minister of the Interior an opportunity of destroying the journals with which they are connected, is also worthy of our respect; but, as is likewise the case with the preceding sections, it is sufficiently clear that no revolution can be inaugurated by its means.

The French clergy may for the moment be considered as in opposition; but as their indignation against the existing order of things has merely been excited by the events of the last few months, and might perhaps be calmed at any time by certain obvious measures, we do not attach very great importance to it as an element of revolution. Speaking generally, the priesthood in France is now remarkable alike for the purity of its morals and the mediocrity of its intelligence. It would be difficult to name six distinguished men amongst its countless battalions. The Bishop of Orleans (M. Dupanloup) is probably at this moment its most eminent member. Of course, in the event of the sudden death of the Emperor, or any great complication with foreign Powers, the Bonaparte dynasty might find that, in attacking the Pope, it had lost one of its most powerful instruments; and then it would become a matter of immense moment to ascertain into what scale the Church would throw its weight.

The opposition of the Paris Bar, being based on the only grounds with which we have any sympathy, is deserving of more attention. We are unfortunately unable to express any opinion as to the political sentiments of the advocates in the provinces, but nearly all the more distinguished names of the *Palais de Justice* belong to the Opposition. Had the Government decided to carry on the prosecution which they commenced against M. de Montalembert for his recent article in the *Correspondant*, it is probable that M. Berryer and M. Dufaure would have made the

defence an occasion for a tremendous onslaught on the existing régime, and people looked forward with great interest to the trial during the month of December, because it was thought that it would synchronize with the meeting of the Congress.

Two of the bright, though lesser, lights of the Paris bar have succeeded in forcing their way into the Corps Legislatif, in spite of the opposition of the Government. The first of these, M. Jules Favre, is well known in England as the defender of Orsini. The other, M. Emile Ollivier, who is still a young man, is the son of a well-known Republican, and was himself Commissary at Marseilles in 1848. He brings to the discussions, or rather to the monologues, of the Chamber moderate Republican opinions, the ardent eloquence of Provence, and an English spirit of compromise and party management which might have been learned from Sir William Hayter. Unfortunately, these officers command an army of only three or four.

The *Magistrature* is decidedly Governmental in tone. The most disgraceful instances of subservieney which France can show are to be found in its ranks. This arises partly from the natural leaning which judges always have towards the side of authority, partly from the influence of a few base examples, but most of all from the jealousy which subsists between the Bench and the Bar. In France, the career of the judge and the barrister is parallel, but the latter occupies the lower level. Rarely and quite exceptionally does the successful advocate develop into the honoured magistrate. The Bar, however, offers far more opportunities for acquiring wealth and arriving at political importance. The majority of the men of talent who devote themselves to legal studies choose, accordingly, the less elevated career, while the more dignified one is generally preferred by persons of inferior ability, who speculate on making a rich marriage on the strength of their social position. Hence, constant heart-burnings and a state of feeling which is quite different from anything that we know. The slumbering enmity of the two professions broke out very violently a short time ago. A M. Vacherot, known some years since by his controversy with Gratry, wrote a treatise on Democracy. The book was a dull one, and few would have cared to read it if the Government had not been sufficiently ill advised to prosecute the author. M. Vacherot applied to M. Dufaure, who occupies at this moment the second highest place at the Paris Bar. M. Dufaure declined the case, wishing to keep himself free to bring his whole strength to aid Count Montalembert. M. Vacherot accordingly engaged the services of M. Emile Ollivier. The trial began in the last days of December, and was opened by a most violent speech from the public prosecutor, who thought himself at liberty, not only to press the case against the accused with the violence which so often disgraces French courts of justice, but to cast reflections upon the character of the counsel for the defence. M. Emile Ollivier, when his turn came to address the Court, observed, that "in matters of this sort it was necessary to use the greatest possible moderation, whereas the public prosecutor had appealed to the most irritating passions." The presiding judge, a certain M. Gislain de Bontin, sprang from his seat and required M. Emile Ollivier to unsay what he had said. This absurd order was of course not complied with, and the tribunal, after consulting together for a few moments, announced that Maitre Ollivier was suspended from his functions as advocate for three months. The case of M. Ollivier was taken up by the Paris Bar as a body, and is still undecided, but the affair has tended to sink still lower the character of the *Magistrature*, and to confirm the apprehensions of those who declare that the tribunals of France are rapidly becoming, in all political matters, mere tools of despotism.

When justice is polluted at the very fountain-head, there can be little hope for such a movement as that which Count D'Haussonville tried to inaugurate by his letter to the *Bâttoniers* in the *Courrier de Dimanche*. Hampden would have been out of place in a pure tyranny. A legal resistance to the Government is only possible where there are certain clearly defined rights on which the subject can take his stand. An Opposition within the limits of the Constitution is the very thing which M. Billault would most fear, and which he will take very good care not to permit. A red-handed Opposition which deals in pistols and poniards, and which is worked by conspirators, is far less dangerous—nay, is useful if it does not go too far. There cannot be a better device for frightening that harmless personage whom the Germans call the *Spießbürger* than to lift now and then the veil of official secrecy, and point to the *Marianne*; but an Opposition of calm reasoning, based on the Constitution, such as it is, and going forth after the English manner to win new privileges—that would never do.

On the whole, we think that although there are, as we have seen, numerous sections of the Opposition in France, none of them are able, under present circumstances, to effect anything of importance. We disagree entirely with those who think that France is a very difficult country to rule. In truth, the real government of France never changes. The flag which floats at the masthead alters, but the rigging and the helm do not alter. The bureaucracy is always there, and by the bureaucracy the vessel is worked. In the whole range of human folly there is nothing to equal the folly which was displayed in the Revolution of 1848. A little firmness and the Throne was safe. Louis Napoleon will never make the same blunder. He will never let any Opposition get too strong, and he will consequently remain

King Log to the end of the chapter, unless, which is very possible, he commits some egregious blunder in his foreign policy which may make his position with regard to the rest of Europe an untenable one. Even then he will die hard.

THE FINANCIAL DEBATE.

AT last Mr. Disraeli has opened the campaign in good earnest. After a week's marching and counter-marching, he has made up his mind to an attack of the whole line. A more than usual hesitation in his strategy appeared to indicate some division in the council of war. A great meeting was rumoured, and a great amendment was announced, and everybody was on tip-toe to see the "crafty and catching device" which should be a worthy counterpart of the great original of last year. Some said it was to be a political amendment levelled at France—others that it was to be a vindication of indirect as against direct taxation. For two or three days there seemed to be some unaccountable hitch in its preparation. No doubt the combination of opinions which is not a coalition, and which goes to form a united Opposition, must have considerably embarrassed the composition of such a document. Lord Derby did not want to obtain office, and Mr. Disraeli did. Lord Stanley was keen for Free-trade, and Lord Hardwicke was as keen the other way. It was necessary, therefore, to compose an amendment which should censure the Budget without censuring the Free-trade that is its informing spirit, and which should give Mr. Disraeli a fair chance of victory without awakening Lord Derby's genuine alarm at the prospect of another march through Coventry in the company of his less fastidious lieutenant. It must be admitted that the resolution which Mr. Du Cane proposed on Friday did all that was possible to combine these conflicting objects. But no sooner had Mr. Disraeli allowed his man-at-arms to give the irrevocable challenge, then he seemed to repent him of his haste. He afterwards boasted of his magnanimity in not making common cause with any of the single interests whom the Budget had aggrieved. It was satisfactory to see that he denounced as unworthy of a great party that policy of combining with malcontent Ministerialists which he has himself so constantly pursued. But in truth Mr. Du Cane's resolution was not a departure from his leader's usual tactics, but only an attempt to carry them out on a great scale. He wished to unite, not with one aggrieved interest, but with all. He hoped to rally to his standard British champagne and British brandy, beer and barley, silk and straw plat. The ingenuous Sir John Pakington confessed as much at the indignation meeting of the discontented but disunited hop-growers. But to Mr. Disraeli's dismay he discovered that coal and iron were more formidable opponents than any amount of poisoned beverages or other licensed victuals. The triumph of Free-trade and the enjoyment of cheap paper were more powerful magnets than the applause of the *Advertiser* or even the rescue of the Pope. There was no time to be lost. With Friday night the opportunity of giving a notice for Monday would have passed away. The "Parliamentary Robson" was already finishing-up the evening's entertainment with one of his most "screaming farces;" and the Viscount, meek and enduring, who had singly sustained him through all his most pitiable jokes with a stanch though husky cheer, was receiving the reward of his misplaced fidelity in the nickname of the "Finsbury Filibuster." At this critical moment, the sudden afflatus of a Machiavellian inspiration carried off Mr. Disraeli to the Lobby, where, without having time to whisper a word of consultation in the ears of any of "those with whom he usually acted," he penned the sagacious piece of pedantry on which the House of Commons divided on Monday night. He afterwards declared that he made an exception in favour of Sir Hugh Cairns. If it was so, that distinguished advocate must have been wandering in sleep to the employments of earlier and obscurer years, and dreaming that he was being desired by a Jew attorney to draft a special demurrer.

No doubt Mr. Disraeli hoped, by taking a division on this wretched point of form, to secure all his own Northern followers, as well as the representatives of malcontent constituencies on the other side. He forgot that though an M.P. fears his constituents more than his party, he loves his party—if it is decently led—a good deal more than his constituents. Like all his thimble-rigging tactics, this impromptu manœuvre was a mistake. The very fact that the division was taken on a point of form as frivolous as the old party conflicts on the motion "that the candles be now lighted," gave to all the Ministerial members an abundant excuse for voting with their party, whether their constituents liked the Budget or not. The only dissidents whom he was able to lure over were Messrs. Bowyer and M'Evoe, who represented the Papists—Mr. Ayrton, who represented the publicans—and Mr. Horsman, who represented himself. For his own credit and that of the House of Commons, his second thoughts were worst. For all immediate purposes of party, everything was already obviously lost except their honour, and there was no use in losing that as well. Mr. Du Cane's motion, drawn to meet the views of the country gentlemen, was, as far as they were concerned, the honest expression of a legitimate objection; and it was brought forward in a speech which was neither in spirit nor ability unworthy of the compliment he had received from the greatest orator of the day. But the motion which Mr. Disraeli reserved for his own especial share was too minute to be the subject of conscientious assent or dissent; and like most of his

own peculiar "dodges," it brought him few votes and an abundance of discredit. The oration in which he supported it was dull and commonplace, harping chiefly on the Constitution—the last refuge of a rhetorician in distress; and it was answered by Mr. Gladstone in a speech which will stand as an inimitable model of vicious, joyous exhortation. The only comfort to Mr. Disraeli must have been the obsequiousness with which his own peculiar little stratagem, upon which he had consulted neither his chief nor any of the late Cabinet, was unquestioningly adopted by Lord Derby in the House of Lords. It was a pleasing, because a crucial test, of the docility towards himself by which Lord Derby's political conduct has of late years been uniformly governed.

The two financial debates have differed very much in importance and in interest; but, curiously enough, the difference of importance has been in an inverse ratio to the difference of interest. The poor subject has had the rich debate, and the rich subject—taking all the nights together—has had the poor debate. The mere point of form was discussed almost exclusively by the first men in the House; the great guns were galloped up to the front at once, and played the whole night through. The four best men on the Government side, and—including Mr. Horsman—the four best men of the Opposition, were pitted against each other. But, having expended their oratory on the question of procedure, it was some time before they could be brought to devote a word to so small a matter as the Budget. Either from a feeling of fair play or of sheer fatigue, Tuesday night was given up entirely to the platooning of small arms, which naturally did not contribute much to the elucidation of the subject or the decision of the struggle. The late Government put forward, however, in the shape of Sir S. Northcote, the only speaker among them who could pretend to handle arithmetical details. He is a financier of the type of Sir G. C. Lewis, and advanced the objections which the late Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer was doubtless burning to bring out if he might have shaken off for a moment the trammels of Ministerial partnership. These two baronets belong to the cautious school of financiers, whose Budgets move along with a dull jog-trot, instead of the gay curvets and inspiring dash with which Mr. Gladstone, mounted on his financial Pegasus, plunges in among the throng of affrighted citizens, and kicks all their timid, prosaic calculations to smithereens. Thursday evening opened in a more lively style. Mr. Hubbard exposed, with great power, the Budget's weakest point—that it has selected a season of deficiency for the most hazardous experiments. It is one of the oddest of Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies that, having fixed on 1860 as a financial millennium because he thought it would be a year of surplus, he has insisted on contriving so to treat it though it has turned out to be a year of deficit. Mr. Hubbard, who has never before taken a part in any considerable debate, showed himself, not only a practical authority, but an eloquent speaker. He adds another name to the list of able and wealthy City men—which already includes the names of Baring and Glyn and Hodgson—who have been driven to seek seats far away from London in petty country boroughs, while the metropolis gives its suffrage to Shelleys and Fermoyes. But the debate of the evening did not correspond to its early promise. Almost all the great performers still shrank back, coyly waiting for each other. The most favourable critic will scarcely include Sir Francis Baring and Mr. Whiteside under that designation. Sir Francis spoke of his successor's Budget with a bitterness of tone not unlike that with which some hopeless old maid sneers at "the pair of pink cheeks" of a triumphant beauty who recalls to her memory, not what she herself once was, but what she once wished to be. The recollections of the past should make him more liberal to this degenerate age, for he was himself a Minister acquainted with deficiency. In fact, in the golden age of finance to which he constantly recurs with unabashed complacency, a Budget without a deficit was looked upon as an unknown, and not altogether desirable, curiosity. Mr. Bright was hardly as effective as he ought to have been in singing the *Io triumphe* of Free-trade. He read Mr. Disraeli a forcible lesson on the inexpediency of mingling the novelist with the statesman; but for the rest he was more passionate and more illogical than usual. A clever man who can gravely read diplomatic assurances of amity between two Powers as a ground for disarmament must be a wit to madness very near allied; and there was something worse than an intellectual deficiency in his cool claim to the whole credit of the Commercial Treaty, on the ground of a short speech in the House last year. He laid himself open to very severe punishment if there had been any one to answer him as Mr. Gladstone answered Mr. Disraeli. But Mr. Whiteside's sarcasms, though they begin with the best intentions, always come to a lame and impotent conclusion. They are like sky-rockets, which start with a great noise, but invariably end in smoke.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

A TRADESMAN has not a very cheerful prospect in view who, in presenting his bill for payment, has not only to forego the accustomed plea of "my small account," but also finds that the customer, whose purse he hopes to open, has just been an unwilling listener to the prosy conversation of some uninteresting acquaintance, and is consequently not in the

pleasantest of humours. Such, however, was the task which Mr. Sidney Herbert had to perform, when, after the patience of the House of Commons had been taxed to the utmost, he was at length allowed to move the Army Estimates. Hertfordshire faggot-stealers and Hungarian peasants, Irish foundlings and Kentish hop-growers, had their causes warmly, if not successfully, advocated—the destiny of the India Office and of militia officers formed the theme of many a gloomy prediction—and the Proteus-like Mr. Darby Griffith indulged his philanthropy by declamations against turning cabs into hospital-waggons, and by anathemas upon the outrages of intoxicated guardsmen—before the Minister of War was permitted to tell his tale. One might have thought that, under such circumstances, a politician would have tried to coax the House into good humour by telling them that he was not about to make a large call upon their liberality; but a bold stroke is sometimes the most successful, and perhaps it was with a feeling that candour disarms opposition, that Mr. Sidney Herbert began his speech by frankly confessing to his hearers, in the blandest and most courteous terms, that he was going to ask for an enormous vote.

There was, indeed, no use in disguising the fact. Fifteen millions is not a small sum to spend upon agents of destruction, even without a prospect of a deficit of ten millions in the national income. But what made the case look even nastier was, that the estimates showed an increase over those of last year of nearly two millions; and in these days, when Parliament is so fearful of departing from precedent, it must be disagreeable for a Minister to propose any measure that has not the sanction of ancient usage. The next best thing, however, to having a palpably good case is to put a good face upon an apparently bad one; and the first part of Mr. Sidney Herbert's task was to justify the unusual demand he was making upon the purses of his hearers. The great portion of the increase over last year's estimates was, it must be allowed, satisfactorily accounted for. It lies entirely in the cost of the effective services, and is to be found mainly in three items—the pay and allowances of the army, the supply of *matériel* of war, and the erection of fortifications. The last of these subjects was only slightly touched upon, owing to the undecided state in which the question of our defences still remains; but upon the other subjects the explanations given by Mr. Herbert will afford satisfaction to all who wish to see our military resources placed on a proper footing.

The increase upon the vote for the supply of warlike stores, though the largest in the list, is probably that which will receive the most cordial assent. The truth is that, at the present time, we are in a transition state as regards the science of war. The progress of improvement in warlike engines has of late years been such that, whether we like it or not, we must keep pace with it. During the last twelve months our whole artillery has been revolutionized, and revolutions are not effected without a considerable temporary sacrifice; but in the present case, while the cost we hope is temporary, the gain is permanent. The store which we are now laying in, though purchased at an enormous price, is a lasting addition to our national strength; and though the recent experiments with the Whitworth gun teach us that we have not reached the day when progress is to cease, it is satisfactory to know that the nature of the guns with which we are now providing ourselves is such as to admit with comparative facility of the change in their construction which alone as yet holds out any prospect of improvement upon them. The decision to which the Government has come of directing its attention rather to the augmentation of our *matériel* than to any large addition to our forces is one which, we believe, will be approved of by the public. Independently of the jealousy with which Englishmen are commonly, though somewhat fallaciously, supposed to look upon a large standing army, the course adopted is really the most economical. Human nature must have its wants and necessities supplied; it must be clothed, fed, housed, and doctored; and after all its cost it has no great durability—men sicken and die, and must be replaced. But when fortifications are erected, and stores and material are provided, the great bulk of the expense is defrayed. A certain amount of wear and tear must, indeed, be considered, and a margin—as we know to our cost—be left for fresh improvements; but, after all, sods of earth are not so imperious in their demands as flesh and blood. It is true that this doctrine might be pushed too far, for it would be useless to have guns without men to serve them, or fortifications without garrisons to hold them. But within proper limits, the doctrine enunciated by Mr. Sidney Herbert is true; and the objections which might be raised against it are, to a great extent, obviated by the important addition to our resources supplied by the volunteer movement. We need scarcely for the future fear the contingency of being left without riflemen to man our earthworks, and artillerymen to serve our guns.

The increases proposed in the actual numbers of our forces are significant—they are almost entirely in the scientific branches of the service. In a small army like ours, the scientific branch must always bear a larger proportion to the whole force than in Continental armies. The great strength of our army lies in its capacity for expansion; but there are parts of it in which sudden expansion is impossible. An infantryman can be improvised on an emergency, and native pluck will often make a raw recruit fight well, so far as standing firm is concerned; but the skill required for a gunner or a sapper cannot be created on the spur of the moment. For this reason we believe the

augmentation of the artillery and engineers to be a good investment, both of men and money; and there are few people who will regard the 240,000 men which now form her Majesty's forces as by any means disproportionate to the size and exigencies of our Empire.

It is not, however, so much on the number of men as on the care that is taken of them, that the true strength of an army depends. And on this point Mr. Sidney Herbert gives us very satisfactory information. Our soldiers are at least as well armed as those of any other nation; the volunteers, the militia, the pensioners, and even the Irish constabulary, are all either furnished, or on the point of being furnished, with rifles of the newest pattern; and the formation of a new School of Musketry at Fleetwood will afford means for a still further extension of the scientific instruction of the army. If the pay of the soldier is not so good as might be desired, and is inferior to that of the classes from which he is taken, he, on the other hand, has advantages of which the civilian is destitute; and every one interested in the service will notice with satisfaction that a fresh inducement is now held out to good conduct, by a prospect of an increase of pay for the well-conducted soldier at an earlier period than heretofore. On one point testimony is unanimous—that the food and clothing of the army are better than they have ever before been. Above all—and it must have been with no slight satisfaction that Mr. Sidney Herbert adverted to the fact—the health of the soldiers exhibits a wonderful improvement. Of the three chief causes to which the Sanitary Commission mainly attributed the mortality of the army—improper food and clothing, bad barrack accommodation, and the want of useful employment—the two first have been greatly diminished, while the wise measure now for the first time adopted of providing gymnasiums for the use of the troops, may, we hope, have some effect in removing the third. We believe that something further might be done in this direction, by providing more means of useful employment for soldiers; but it is satisfactory to notice the progress that has been already made, and both the service and the country have to thank Mr. Herbert for those exertions which have been mainly instrumental in removing from the army the stigma of its being the most unhealthy of professions. One great extravagance of former days, that of “killing good men trained at a great expense,” is at least greatly diminished; and it really seems as if the army was beginning to keep pace in improvements with other institutions.

The parts of the Estimates which will probably be most criticised, are those which refer to the militia and volunteer forces; and it is somewhat singular that, while the Minister is apologizing for the large amount of the Estimates as a whole, many members will consider that in these items they are too small. In the discussion of the distribution of the money assigned to these two forces, we may almost expect to see the House of Commons playing the part of a number of schoolboys scrambling for cakes or oranges. On the one hand, the disembodiment of the militia will probably meet with considerable opposition, and, on the other, many people will think that the Volunteers are not treated to a proper share of the spoil; but we are disposed to take the view that this force should be essentially self-supporting. Mr. Sidney Herbert may also have to encounter the angry denunciations of the country gentlemen who love at times to mount the war-horse, and for twenty-one days in the year to adorn themselves with the gorgeous finery of blue and silver. As some slight consolation to them in their disappointment, they must lay the flattering unction to their souls, that the force to which they belong has attained such efficiency as to preclude the necessity of their practising the cavalry evolutions during the present year.

One thing is striking in the debate on the Army Estimates, and this is the absence of any real criticism on Mr. Herbert's proposals, or of practical suggestions for their improvement. We are far from denying the possibility of retrenchment in our army expenses. There are points on which we believe a little paring might be advantageous; but as yet no member of the House of Commons has shown what form the reduction is to assume. As the Augean stable could only be cleansed by the labours of a Hercules, so we are fain to believe that the purification of the Army Estimates can only be effected by the devoted toil of a Williams. But we wait in vain for the *dénouement* of the purificatory process. The mop and pail are introduced with great pomp and flourish, but they remain idle in the hands of the *prestidigitateur*, who contents himself with empty denunciations. The estimates which the Minister of War has proposed are large—they are “enormous,” as he himself confessed; but still we must allow that he gives us a good deal for our money. He shows us that the sums lavished of late years upon the army have not been altogether thrown away, but are already bringing forth fruit. He holds out some slight hopes of a possible reduction in future years; and above all, in the hearty interest he displays in his subject, he affords a guarantee for a continuance of military reform. It is, we know, constantly said that civilians are incapable of understanding the army; but the present Minister's administration is a satisfactory refutation of this doctrine. And if we must make up our minds to pay fifteen millions for our guns and soldiers, we feel assured that there is no man to whom the country would more willingly entrust the outlay than Mr. Sidney Herbert.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

AT a season when London is feeling the value of an ample supply of coal, the shipowners of the North have chosen a suitable opportunity for urging upon the Premier the construction, at the national expense, of works which shall diminish the dangers of that coasting trade which furnishes to the metropolis one of the chief comforts of its winter life. The perils of the voyage from the mouth of the Tyne to that of the Thames are, from natural causes, greater than on any other coast of the British Isles; and it must be owned that the vessels engaged in this hazardous trade are not in general fully equal to the trials to which they are exposed. It is easy to say that the ships ought to be stouter and better found, but perhaps all Londoners would not willingly acquiesce in the enhanced price of coals which must be the inevitable consequence of employing a more valuable class of craft to carry them. Still, it is impossible to feel satisfied with the system which has too much prevailed of sending vessels to sea as long as their timbers will hold together. It is a common saying in the North that a collier condemned to be broken-up is as rare a sight as a dead donkey. Vessels have been sent again and again to sea, until at last they foundered with all on board. We admit that in recent times this reckless waste of life has become less common than it used to be; but we believe that even now it is viewed at the coal-ports with much less horror than by persons who are not habituated to regard such risks and sacrifices as part of a natural and necessary course of things. The inscription which may be read in many a churchyard on the north-east seaboard—“The sea gat him”—is too often regarded by the countrymen of the hardy mariners of the Tyne as a perfectly satisfactory account of a fate which improved nautical science and more active philanthropy would desire to do something to avert. It must not be expected that the duty of diminishing the perils of coasting voyages will be most strongly felt in the circles of society upon which the loss of life by shipwrecks chiefly falls. A veteran of this service was asked several questions as to how many harbours of refuge he would recommend, and at what points. “That depends,” he answered, “upon how far you carry your humanity.” He had not himself been taught to expect that it would be carried very far. He took the perils of his calling without complaint, knowing that all men must die, and demanding no particular precaution to preserve himself and his fellows from the common lot. But we should desire, if it be possible, to carry our humanity somewhat further than the expectations, and even to the extent of the deserts, of a race of hardy seamen of whom their country is justly proud; and therefore it is to be wished that a more encouraging answer could have been given to the deputation which lately urged upon Lord Palmerston the necessity of commencing, without more delay, the construction of a harbour of refuge on the north-east coast.

A very little consideration will enable us to understand why such a work is needed. From the Humber all the way to the Frith of Forth there is not one natural harbour for which a ship can safely run when she feels a gale too much for her. The mouths of the Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne are all closed by bars which can only be crossed when the tide serves. The few small harbours, such as Scarborough and Whitby, which have been formed by nature and improved by art, are inaccessible for many hours of the day from the same want of water, and besides they are utterly inadequate to contain the many hundred vessels which need shelter. Whenever there has been a violent gale from the north-east, the newspapers contain accounts of ships having been wrecked in attempts to enter some of these ports. All but the finest and stoutest ships must sooner or later fail in striving with the winds which vex this iron-bound coast throughout the winter. If they persist in keeping the sea, they founder; and if they approach the shore, they are driven upon it before they can effect an entrance into any one of these almost inaccessible bays and rivers. And besides the danger from the waves and rocks, the enormous accumulation of vessels causes nearly equal danger of collision. It is stated that more than one-third of all the shipping of the United Kingdom belongs to Newcastle and four neighbouring ports. A fleet of laden colliers wind-bound off Flamborough Head is encountered by another fleet of colliers returning empty from the Thames, and these are joined by a great number of ships outward and homeward bound in the colonial and foreign trades. Five hundred or more sail may often be counted from Flamborough Head; and if a gale from the north and east comes on, there is absolutely no choice for any vessel that is at all disabled except that between being devoured by the sea and dashed on shore. Nature has left this region altogether naked and inhospitable. Of all the wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom, one-half, on the average, occur on the east side of England, and one-quarter between the Humber and the Frith of Forth. It is calculated that the annual loss of property by wrecks in the British seas amounts to a million and a half sterling, and the average loss of lives for the last seven or eight years has been about 700. In 1854, which was a very disastrous year, it amounted to 1549.

We cannot overstate the force of the arguments which have been urged for the construction of a harbour of refuge which shall be available for the crowds of shipping so often baffled and beaten by the winds off Flamborough Head. The Royal Commission which reported nearly a year ago upon this subject has selected, among several conflicting schemes, that which proposes

for the site of such a harbour Filey Bay, a few miles north of Flamborough. There is now neither port nor trade at Filey, and probably its present character of a quiet sea-side place would be at once destroyed by the first preparations to build a breakwater. The bay is sheltered on the south side most effectually by the promontory which runs far out to sea, and forms the lofty cliffs and bold headland of Flamborough. On the north, a ridge of rocks, called Filey Brigg, affords some shelter, but this promontory does not extend so far to the east by several miles as Flamborough Head. The Royal Commissioners propose to prolong this ridge artificially so as to form a breakwater of great length turning gradually towards the south. As there is ample depth of water in the bay, it is only necessary to build and to maintain this breakwater in order to form a safe and capacious harbour of refuge exactly where it is most needed. But whether the breakwater could be maintained may perhaps be doubtful. The unprofessional observer can scarcely approach such questions with that full faith in the power of science and of money which distinguishes the modern engineer. It is no light matter to challenge the full force of the German Ocean such as it now displays itself at Filey Brigg. Perhaps nature would have built the desired harbour if she could; and man's skill and perseverance are scarcely likely to achieve a task which she has declined.

But we may fairly rely upon the deliberate judgment of the Royal Commissioners that the work is feasible. It is to be wished that upon another question of equal moment their calculations had proved more correct than they appear to be. After the favourable report of a Committee of the House of Commons, and observing no doubt that humanity was in everybody's mouth, and that progress in civilization had been recognised as the chief business of the age, the Commissioners assumed very much as a matter of course that the money for their works would be forthcoming without any difficulty. Their only anxiety was to arrange properly the details of an expenditure to be spread over a period of some ten years. A quarter of a million yearly for that time is about the sum which they think the nation ought to pay down cheerfully and absolutely, without demanding any return either in the way of principal or interest in respect of a single shilling. The estimates of the Commissioners are generally lower than those which have before been offered. They calculate the cost of the works at Filey Bay at 800,000*l.*, and we believe that no other plan for a harbour to answer the same demand has ever been proposed at so small an outlay. Financiers know only too well that actual expenditure is apt to exceed estimates. But whatever be the sum, when it is spent it will be gone for ever, because it is the first principle of the management of harbours of refuge to charge no dues upon the vessels which take shelter in them. Some people have very strange notions of the comparative value of money and of their own and other persons' lives; and a great degree of danger would be preferred by thrifty mariners to a small tax. About two-and-a-half or three millions, therefore, is the lowest sum at which the nation can free itself from the reproach of allowing preventable casualties of a most destructive and distressing character to occur with every violent gale among the shipping which its industry and wealth and luxury causes to throng its coasts. And besides this heavy outlay, without a prospect of return, the Commissioners urge that large advances should be made to public bodies for the improvement of various harbours upon the security of the revenues expected from an enlarged trade. Perhaps a more sound and sensible suggestion was never made. And it is really quite impossible to exaggerate the necessity which exists for setting about some, at least, of the works most urgently recommended by the Commissioners without more delay. Supposing that a harbour of refuge can be formed in Filey Bay, it will be a deep national reproach if a work which must occupy many years is not soon commenced. Every Londoner, as he pokes his fire, may think of the awful perils which are undergone—we do not say cheerfully, but without the faintest notion that there is anything to complain of in their lot—by the sailors of the northern ports whose toil and risk bring him good and abundant fuel.

But although all this is both very true and very important, we feel that we are merely going through a respectable form in stating it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot and will not add to the burthen under which he has to stagger through the House of Commons. The country must make up its mind to spend ten millions to keep out its foes, and cannot spare another million to prepare a place to receive its friends. A plan for building a battery of Armstrong guns on Flamborough Head might perhaps be considered by the authorities; but any proposal to bestow labour, stone, and mortar for merely pacific purposes, and for protection only against the powers of nature, is altogether absurd, impracticable, and out of season. These Commissioners, with their elaborate Report, are about as appropriate to the occasion as a Quaker among the head-quarters staff of an army on the eve of battle. Their ponderous Blue-book is good for nothing unless it will make cartridges. It contains such convincing arguments, and such accurate and well-arranged statistics, and it places so entirely beyond all dispute the duty of this nation to begin immediately building harbours of refuge on its most dangerous coasts, that really the only thing to do is to dismiss the subject utterly from all our minds.

THE THEATRES.

THE Christmas predilection for pantomime is undergoing the influence of wear and tear, and managers bethink themselves of other means of attraction. Two classes of the community are annually used-up before the wane of pantomime begins. First come what are called the "holiday folks," whose rank in the social scale is not of the highest, and who start (if we may use the expression) from their culminating point—their greatest numerical force being manifested on Boxing-day. Then come the "children," that is to say, the youngsters who, at home for the Christmas vacation, have been promised a pantomime among the treats of the season, and who visit the theatres accompanied by parents or munificent relations. These are the occupants of the dress-circle, while their coarser predecessors crowded the pits and galleries, so that for the first few weeks after Christmas the change is from democratic to aristocratic. The vacation ended, the play-going public ceases to represent any particular type, but grows more and more scanty, while the finery of the stage becomes less and less dazzling.

In these remarks we, of course, refer to the general aspect of the London public. Particular theatres might be cited to disprove our system of chronology. Drury Lane, for instance, still retains the character of a holiday house, although St. Valentine has, with most chilly breath, proclaimed the traditional commencement of the spring. But just as the world is wide enough to show us in Lower Canada a Frenchman of the time of Louis XIV., while the Gaul under Napoleon III. is playing billiards in a *café* at Paris, so is London sufficiently populous to render similar anachronisms not only possible but inevitable. Drury Lane has established itself as the temple of pantomime *par excellence*; and if nothing further than pantomime were attempted on its capacious stage, the manager would deserve praise for his discretion. Pieces of small dimensions are now got up with such exquisite taste in theatres once called "minor," that on the boards of Drury Lane they look as dreary as a select tea-party assembled in the midst of a common to celebrate the advent of November fogs. A new drama, called the *Forest Keeper*—in which the feelings of a man of the people, who loses and finds his wife under circumstances not necessary to be described at length, are represented by Mr. Charles Dillon with that amount of rugged pathos which is supposed proper to stern plebeian natures in distress—is neither better nor worse than a score of meagre pieces of domestic interest, that serve to fill up a gap when no better attraction is at hand; but at Drury Lane, where it simply retards the commencement of the pantomime, it is enough to make one shudder—so obviously is it destitute of all that would set it off elsewhere.

The maxim may be generally laid down that a piece of any one class produced at a theatre devoted to another class is sure to be an infliction. The time when the large houses could be made available for every dramatic purpose has long gone by, and to modern audiences they seem only fitted for opera and spectacles, in which latter category we should, of course, include historical tragedy. It might perhaps be too much to say that in the present state of the drama the importance of a theatre is in the inverse ratio to its dimensions; but such an assertion would be nearer the truth than its contrary. The Olympic is unquestionably the most fashionable house in London; and the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan at the New Adelphi, where they appear in a piece so decidedly Olympian as Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *The House, or the Home!* clearly shows that the larger establishment is disposed to take the smaller one for its model, and to cultivate but rarely the dramas once associated with Adelphi prosperity.

The pantomime at the *Princess's* seems likely to compete in lengthened vitality with its bigger rival at Drury Lane, simply on account of the undeniable excellence to which we called attention a few weeks ago. A house that since the secession of Mr. Charles Kean had glided lamentably into the background, is now again pre-eminent, through the taste and spirit displayed in its Christmas entertainment. The general company, too, has been trained into good working condition, and in a new piece entitled *Caught in a Trap*, Mr. George Melville displays physical and mental capabilities for the delineation of interesting young gentlemen that are likely to gain for him a position of distinction. The piece, Spanish in scene, and also in the tone of gallantry that pervades it, is extremely slight, and its construction is not of the neatest; but the dialogue, not unpleasantly echoing the Elizabethan feelings and phraseology, is like the last faint whisper of a departing poetical drama.

The guillotine promises to become a favourite toy on the English stage. The squabbles between Charles I. and his Parliament, after producing a vast number of Roundhead Romeos and Cavalier Juliets, are voted a bore, and the national razor of Paris is now used to awaken British sensibilities. Against the Adelphi *Dead Heart*, in which Mr. Webster is only saved from decapitation by the timely descent of the curtain, Madame Celeste, now lessee of the Lyceum, stakes a dramatic version of Mr. Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, the hero of which is conveyed in the fatal tumbril out of the sight of the audience. The Adelphi piece, not having pre-existed in a narrative form, is the more dramatic of the two, though justice has hardly been rendered to Mr. Tom Taylor for the skill with which he has compressed the incidents of Mr. Dickens's story. The plot of a real *bond fide* drama

is always short when conveyed in description, as may be proved by the fact that a minute account of the most elaborate play will scarcely fill a single column of a daily newspaper. Stories that occupy bulky volumes cannot be told with perfect clearness on the stage, save to an audience to whom they are already familiar; and to say that a dramatist's views of a popular novel would not be intelligible to those who had not read the book, is simply to say that he is in the ordinary predicament incident to the kind of work he has undertaken. The French mobs who figure both in the *Adelphi* and in the *Lyceum* piece, form *tableaux* of a character to which the London public has not been much accustomed, and great efforts have been made at both houses to endow them with an effective amount of life and mobility. The best achievement of this kind is the *Carmagnole* at the *Lyceum*—a most spirited imitation of popular madness.

The *Haymarket* is steady to its old principles. Miss Amy Sedgwick, regular as the astral phenomena predicted in a scientific almanack, is re-engaged, and she gives new proof of her value by the force and propriety with which she enacts Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger*. The *St. James's Theatre*, still popular, adheres to those *Terpsichorean* farces in which Miss Lydia Thompson is the leading personage; but somewhat of a change is produced in the character of the programme by the presence of Miss Wyndham, who is now declared the directress of the house, and shines in the delineation of showy ladies, in the somewhat grand style. A burlesque called *Dido* introduces to public notice a new author, Mr. Burnand, who aspires to the fame of treating the classics in "fast" fashion, and indulges in slang to a degree which, according to a very arbitrary code of gentility, is deemed vulgar. Considering that travestie dramas are brought out at divers theatres in holiday seasons, and are almost permanent at the sparkling little Strand and the newly resuscitated *St. James's*, we would recommend some *Chesterfield* to explain at length the principles of burlesque etiquette. The world is vaguely aware that the gentleman who signifies his departure by declaring that he is about to "cut his stick," is to be deemed agreeable and facetious, when, if he says that he will "cut his lucky," he may be properly considered bad company. But before we can form definite opinions on this recondite matter, we must have a plausible theory—or a dictionary at the very least.

REVIEWS.

ASSHETON SMITH.*

WHEN Assheton Smith went to Paris, Napoleon I. (having, of course, been "crammed" for the occasion) addressed him as "Le premier chasseur d'Angleterre." He was right. Whatever fox-hunting may be worth, this man was the paragon and "bright consummate flower" of it. All the qualities which can be displayed in it, physical and mental, were displayed in their highest perfection by him. All the excellences of character it is calculated to produce found their highest example in him. All its poetry—if it has any—gathered round his home and life. His biography is valuable—and we have reason to thank Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot for it—because it is the biography of a typical man. He was a man, too, probably destined to be one of the last of his type. Fox-hunting is growing too artificial to last. Before many generations are over it will be as much a thing of the past as tournaments.

This hero, not only of fox-hunting, but of all sports—for he was a first-rate shot, cricketer, boxer, billiard-player, and sailor, as well as rider and huntsman—was formed by nature for his part. He was of the right height for exertion and endurance—five feet ten inches—with a well-proportioned, muscular, rather slight frame, weighing ten stone in his early days, and latterly about eleven stone ten. Once only he found a man who could stand before his fists, and that man said that his blow was like the kick of a horse. The story of his great set-to with the coal-heaver who had struck his horse is already pretty well known. His features were plain, and not indicative of high breeding, but intelligent, and full of the calmness of perfect self-possession and a resolute will. The son of a great sportsman, he was in the saddle from his childhood; and so completely did he grow to it, that it was the pillow of his sickness and the arm-chair of his old age. A princely fortune enabled him to carry on his calling in princely style; and marrying at fifty-one, he had no family cares to turn his mind from the main object of his life. He had the eye of a hawk; and not only for a line across country, but for other things. A box of papers was stolen from his study. He called in all his servants, questioned them all round, and received from all a denial. One of them afterwards returned to the room to put coals on the fire. He collared him at once, and the man confessed himself guilty. He had read his guilt in his face. His temper was hot, and once he appeared before a police-magistrate for thrashing the son of the attorney to a bubble railroad who had brought in his bill. He was a good and steady friend and hater, and generally rather obstinate, coming of a sire who, having opposed the making of the Menai Bridge, would never cross it when it was made. In the hunting-field his tongue was sharp, but not foul. "Now then, sir, if you don't

think you've done harm enough already, ride through my hounds again; but if you think you have, you may as well go home."

The dietetics of a man who rode hard with hounds till eighty are worth knowing. He drank little, but eat much, as well he might, considering his enormous amount of exercise. His regular breakfast on a hunting morning was a great plate of hashed mutton, which he could digest in the saddle. He eat no lunch. On coming home from hunting, he used to go to bed for an hour, and then into a warm bath before dinner. He hardly ever wore a great coat. In his latter days he took to the water-cure, and wanted everybody else to take to it.

He was a desperate rider in the full sense of the term. Perhaps no other man ever rode deliberately and habitually for a fall. He used to say that with a fall you might get over anything; and that any man who professed to ride ought to know how to fall. He knew himself how to fall, and in all his tumbles never but twice broke a bone; and of the two times, once from having a clasp knife in his breast-pocket. He always fell clear of his horse, and never let go the bridle. Once, when his horse was plunging round him as he lay on the ground with the bridle clenched in his hand, a nervous friend called out to him to let go, or he would be kicked. He replied, "he shall kick my brains out first." In making a cast, as in the run, he went, without hesitation, straight over everything where he thought the scent lay; and to this his success as a huntsman was partly due. On one occasion, at the close of a run, he rode up hill over a fence, carrying away the top rail, which, when the top rail had been carried away, no other man in the field would look at. Finding the gate at the end of one of two parallel bridges locked, he leaped clear over both rails to the other bridge. One day, in a hard frost, he persuaded a master of hounds with whom he was staying, just to put the hounds into covert and let them find a fox; and the fox being found, went away with them, and had a hard run over the iron ground—a spree the thought of which sets one's teeth on edge. People were not astonished to see him go straight over the most tremendous places, but they were surprised to see that he did not even look round at the leap when he was over. Though a desperate rider he was not a wild one, but, on the contrary, most judicious, and gave his horse every chance. His hand was unequalled, and horses which no one else could manage were tractable with him. He never lost his temper with animals. His horses knew it was useless to refuse with him, and one of them leapt with him into the middle of a pond which he had unconsciously ridden up to, with his head turned away, and which the horse thought it his duty to take. His hounds hailed his approach with joy far off, though he only hunted and never fed them. He was absolute master of his craft and all that belonged to it; and, what the Duke of Wellington was to other English generals, that was Assheton Smith to other English huntsmen.

Nor was he master of the sportsman's craft alone. His strong sense and warm heart made him in other ways a useful man. He did a great deal of good, real good, and in a judicious way, among the poor on his estates, especially among the quarrymen of his great quarries in Wales. He saw the great fact that property is the root of social virtue, and gave each of his men, as far as he could, a few acres of waste land, which they, of course, turned into a garden. He was a builder of churches and of schools, and the clergymen of his parishes found his hand always free. He had a great turn for mechanical contrivances, and was a great ship-builder. He even disputed with Mr. Scott Russell the merit of having originated the "wave line." He is said also to have been the first suggestor of our fleet of gunboats. What it surprises us more to hear is that he was not without literature. Pope and Horace were his favourites. He knew "Eloise to Abelard" by heart. He was also a passionate admirer of Shakspeare, and fond of repeating the speech of Polonius, especially the lines (really applicable to his own character)—

To thine own self be true,
And it shall follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Where he picked up his Horace it is difficult to say. He was at Eton eleven years, but he said he learnt nothing there, and probably he spoke the truth. There was a vein of religion in him which showed itself, especially during the sufferings of his last illness, in frequent expressions of resignation to the will of God. He was a regular church-goer, and always, whatever the distance, on foot. Without setting up for a moralist, he discouraged gambling and debauchery in his sporting circle. A man who spoke to him jestingly of suicide was told never to joke on such a subject again. Though rather self-willed, he was unselfish, and could not bear, when ill, to disturb his servant in the night. His heart was always easily touched. He and his horse having been kindly sheltered from the rain by the master of a wretched hovel, he next day sent masons to build the man a new house. A bill for 300*l.* was handed round in his presence, and offered for 30*l.* He saw that the name of the unfortunate drawer was that of an old schoolfellow, paid 300*l.* to the holder, and threw the bill into the fire. Of course it is easy for wealth to play the beneficent Caliph, but it was at least genuine feeling in Assheton Smith.

In politics of course he was a Tory; and, as a member of Parliament, of course he never spoke but voted hard for his party. He would post up from his place on the other side of Andover

* *Reminiscences of the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman.* By Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart. London: Murray, 1860.

for a division after the day's hunting, only telling his field he must meet next day at twelve. Yet his cool head saw that free trade would not ruin England; and when a tenant whined that "no more corn would be grown," he replied that "then he should hunt over grass." He was an ally of Lord George Bentinck, and for a short time Lord George drew him to the Turf, but he soon backed out, not having any affinity for rogues. Lord George wanted him to take part in some Turf-reform movement, but he excused himself. Not long afterwards he invited Lord George to a meet at Tedworth, and as Lord George had sold his hunters, offered to mount him on his best horse. Lord George's reply was:—"Dear Mr. Smith,—I have always been accustomed to drink out of a large cup, and cannot stoop to a little one. I decline hunting on another man's horse when I have no longer hunters of my own. Your letter reminds me that you are the only one of my father's old friends who, when solicited, would not support his son in his endeavour to reform the Augean stable." The lip of the man of sense and self-command, and the true gentleman, must have curled as he read this note.

Assheton Smith's apotheosis was the great meet at Rolleston, in 1840. He had been invited by Mr. Green, of Rolleston, one of his best Leicestershire pupils, to take his hounds once more for a day into the Quorn country, which he had hunted some twenty years before. More than two thousand horsemen, one-third of them in pink, assembled at the meet, besides carriages full of ladies, and pedestrians innumerable. A run, of course, was out of the question, the country being covered with people; but the ovation was superb. There seems to have been nothing like it since Voltaire received his famous ovation through the streets of Paris, with a train of carriages following him like the tail of a comet. The way in which the narrators of the Rolleston meet describe the "grey-headed veterans" coming to do honour to their ancient chief is quite touching, and deludes us for the moment into the belief that to kill a fox is a great national achievement, and that foxhunters spend lives of labour in the public service.

The Duke of Wellington knew Assheton Smith well, and appreciated him. He said he would have made a first-rate general of cavalry. He would have made something better than a first-rate general of cavalry. He would have made whatever the coolest and clearest head, the quickest eye, the most active and inventive brain, backed by the greatest courage, the greatest strength of will, the greatest physical energy, and the greatest power of endurance can make. We might have had a worse man to lead us in case of an invasion. But there was something in him—or perhaps not in him but in his circumstances as a man of immense wealth—which quenched ambition and prevented his taking the highest line. In the line he did take he remained, and will probably for ever remain, without a peer.

SIR JOHN WALSH ON THE REFORM BILL.*

IT is always curious and instructive to know what is the theory of the losing side as to the causes, nature, and consequences of its defeat. The assumption that theories which justify events must be true, lies at the bottom of nearly all our speculations, and especially of our political speculations. We read English history, for example, entirely from the point of view of the parties which have succeeded. That Magna Charta, the foundation of the House of Commons, the Reformation, and the Revolution of 1688 were right, is a sort of axiom with almost all of us, though we know that some, and though we may be certain that all, of these events were the subjects of hot controversy when they occurred, and that the courses ultimately taken were open to many most reasonable and weighty objections. It by no means logically follows that, because the affairs of the world have flowed in a tolerably satisfactory course since they took the directions which those events impressed upon them, they would not have been even more prosperous if they had happened otherwise. It is on every account most desirable that the views of those who are of opinion that this would have been the case should be expressed with the utmost fulness, and preserved with the greatest care; for even to those who dissent from them they are in many respects more instructive than the stereotyped common-places by which victorious causes are usually supported.

Twenty-seven years ago, Sir John Walsh predicted all manner of evil results as the consequence of the Reform Bill of 1832. He now comes forward, after the experience of a whole generation, to contend, in the face of the common opinion to the contrary, that the results have justified his predictions. In doing so, he confers upon his contemporaries the service of compelling them to think—a service which is not the less important because it does not usually produce any very warm gratitude. The general tenour of his argument, which is urged with great vigour and liveliness, both of thought and of style, is somewhat as follows:—From 1688 to 1832 this country possessed a Constitution, which, tested by its results, was admirably good, inasmuch as it secured to those who lived under it a larger amount of freedom than the natives of any other country ever enjoyed, whilst it conferred upon the Executive as much vigour as ever was possessed by any central Government. In 1832, a change was effected in the very principles of this Government, in compliance

with the views of the Liberal and in opposition to the views of the Conservative party. This difference of opinion was derived from a fundamental difference in the method of reasoning on public affairs which these two parties respectively adopted:—

The Conservative always rests his conclusions upon the experience of the past. He draws his inferences from the accumulated facts of history, and he assumes that human nature is everywhere so nearly the same, that like causes will always have a strong tendency to produce the same consequences. He applies to the problems of society and Government a process of analysis and induction.

The whole school of modern philosophers . . . call them by what name you will . . . pursue a diametrically opposite method. They discard and disdain experience. They assert that man is so mutable a being, and so capable of being changed and moulded by different circumstances and conditions, that experience is a most fallible guide. They fashion for themselves some scheme of civil Government, some plan of social institutions having little or no reference to anything that has preceded it.

The Conservative thought that the old state of things had produced very good results, and that it should therefore be maintained, however irregular it might be. The Liberal, on the other hand, sought to replace it by a new Constitution which should relieve all the evils under which humanity suffered. Sir John Walsh turns to facts to see which was right, and he discovers that, since the Reform Bill, the whole course of public affairs has been uncertain and variable. He finds that Ministers have no longer fixed opinions or a settled policy—that the House of Commons has less moral weight with the nation at large than it formerly had—that the new constituencies have introduced into the House few, if any, men of mark and note—that the subdivisions of parties and the extreme difficulty of transacting public business through their agency has made our public men vacillating and inconsistent to such a degree that they only follow instead of leading public opinion. On the other hand, whilst the recognised organs of power have thus lost and are losing influence with the nation at large, other influences and feelings have grown up which expose the whole theory of representative government to very appreciable danger. The newspaper press, by incorporating and expressing the average good sense of the businesslike part of the community, has diminished the power of the Legislature, and a deep feeling of uneasiness and suspicion of the class below them is extending itself through the middle class, which consists of the immediate employers of labour. The basis of the Liberal recommendation that the Reform Bill of 1832 should be carried, was the conviction which that party entertained that the advance of democracy was identical with the general improvement of the human race. Experience, however, has shown, in the South American republics, in the United States, and in France, that this is a mistake. Democracy has in each of these countries proved a failure; and in France, in particular, it is an exploded failure, for there the people have set up a despotic Empire to be rid of the Republic. The conclusion is, that since the Reform Bill of 1832 has not produced the particular good results which it was expected to produce, and since the general object which its promoters contemplated is shown by experience to have been undesirable, it follows that, at all events, we had better go no further in the course which we unfortunately adopted twenty-seven years ago, and which appears, on the whole, to have been so false in its principles and so unsatisfactory in its results.

Such is a compressed sketch of Sir J. Walsh's attack on the measure of which he was one of the ablest opponents. It has that characteristic feature of all the speculations upon his side of the question which have ever come under our observation. It contains much truth and a great deal of ability, but it will never convince any one who has any real notion of what is meant by impartial argument. A great many of the collateral observations appear to us extremely forcible and important. It is very true that the House of Commons is subdivided into parties which may be said to nibble away the roots of any distinct and vigorous policy. It is also true that a vague, indefinite, average sentiment called Public Opinion, which has no very enlarged or profound aims, does hem in and threaten to stifle individual thought and energy. The ship of the State is becalmed, and rolls helplessly and wearily enough upon a sea which would perhaps be less dangerous if there was wind enough to make it not only possible, but necessary, to steer a decided course. Acknowledging all this, the question still remains whether Sir John Walsh has hit upon the principles on which these and other phenomena of the same kind are to be treated; and we think that he has not. All the fundamental principles on which his book rests seem to us to be mere words substituted for thoughts, or at best, to be after-thoughts contrived for the purpose of justifying that which cannot be justified. Can anything, for example, be more totally false than the fundamental assertion of which the whole book is a development—the assertion that Conservatives study politics by way of "analysis and induction;" and that Liberals utterly disregard experience, because they consider human nature so variable that experience is with respect to it a very fallible guide. In the first place, neither the name "Conservative," nor the thing which it represents, were ever heard of before the Reform Bill; and can any one affect to say that the old school of High Tories had no theories at all about Government, but took as their guides analysis and induction? It was only after every sort of fallacy had been advanced and refuted over and over again, that Sir J. Walsh's argument was thought of. It is open to precisely the same objection as Dr. Newman's theory of development. It may be very true, but it was not the ground upon which the case was originally put. Blackstone would have been as indignant

* *The Practical Results of the Reform Act of 1832.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. London: Murray. 1860.

at being told that no theoretical justification of the "Constitution of 1688" could be given, as Bossuet would have been on hearing that all the leading Roman Catholic doctrines were comparatively modern developments, and not a body of doctrine as old as Christianity itself.

It is an equally untenable proposition that the "Philosophers of the Movement" have based a contempt for experience on the ground that man is so variable a creature that experience is but a fallible guide as to his conduct. This strange statement is prefixed to a criticism on some of the opinions of Mr. J. S. Mill—opinions which we do not mean to defend. It is about as infelicitous a view of modern political philosophy as could possibly be adopted, for it appears that the whole of that philosophy claims to be based exclusively upon experience. Whether he is right or wrong, Mr. Mill never puts forward a single proposition which is not based on the examination of facts; and the whole cast of his mind makes this unavoidable, for the very essence of his philosophy is that experience is the only source of knowledge. If it were possible to make any statement respecting such writers as Mr. Mill and M. de Tocqueville even wider from the truth than this, the other assertion of Sir J. Walsh respecting them would deserve that qualification. To say that their views are based on the doctrine that human nature is so variable that experience can throw no light on it, is like saying that Lord Chatham was a Quaker and that William Pitt was a Republican. The great popular objection to the views both of Mr. Mill and of M. de Tocqueville has always been that they are fatalists—that they believe that human nature is as much under the dominion of fixed unchanging causes as inanimate nature, and that they look upon the various changes and phases of politics as matters determined by an iron necessity, and as being for that very reason susceptible of exact prediction. The truth is that all men of sense, whether Liberals or Conservatives, appeal to experience in political inquiries. The difference between them is that they interpret it in different ways.

We do not think that Sir J. Walsh is much more happy in his interpretation of history than in his enunciation of principles. He is certainly quite as one-sided. He argues the whole question of the Reform Bill of 1832 as if it had been entirely a matter of choice whether it should be passed or not. This was notoriously not the case. The question lay, not between a bill and no bill, but between the bill and something very like civil war. It is easy to say that the advocates of the bill ought to have been satisfied with the results of the old state of things—that they had personal freedom and national prosperity, and should have required nothing more. But a writer who lays so much stress upon facts, and insists so much upon the necessity of studying and consulting human nature as it is, instead of making theories about what it ought to be, should know that such results are not the only things for which people care. The love of power is as natural—as much a fact—as the love of freedom. The unfranchised part of the population in 1832 wanted power—they wished not merely that the nation should be well governed, but that they should govern it; and a large proportion of them got their wish. Can any serious person suppose that the very best of good government could have induced them to go without it for thirty years longer? Whether the change were for the better or the worse, it was utterly unavoidable; and to regret it is like regretting youth when it is past.

Sir J. Walsh's theory about the growth of democracy is open to exactly the same objections as the rest of his book. It is, no doubt, perfectly true that, in so far as "the Philosophers of the Movement," as he calls them, have identified the growth of democracy with the indefinite improvement of mankind, they were wrong; but their assertion that democracy is on the increase, and that provision must be made for that increase in our institutions, is an undeniable, though possibly a melancholy truth. It would be absurd in any one to shut his eyes to the fact that the operation of levelling is going on in every part of the world under the influence of causes which are beyond human control. This is a universal phenomenon, and the very instance which Sir J. Walsh adduces in disproof of its existence is in reality the strongest illustration of its operation. The French, he says, hated the Republic, and did everything to get rid of it. This may be quite true; but it does not follow that they hate democracy. On the contrary, a democratic despotism is exactly the form of government in which they rejoice, and the maintenance of democracy by brute force is the condition on which the present Emperor holds his position. If he were to attempt to shake the foundations of the system laid at the first Revolution, neither his throne nor his life would be worth a year's purchase.

The truth is that the popular arguments against the unreformed Parliament, though they may have been over-stated, though they unquestionably failed to do justice to much that was to be said on the other side, and though they often proceeded on an untenable theory of political rights, were nevertheless in substance unanswerable. It was idle to try to defend the contrast presented by the Cornish boroughs on the one hand, and the great manufacturing towns on the other; nor could mere good government, if it had been much better than it was, have atoned for a state of things which condemned such places as Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds to political insignificance, whilst the proprietors of Gattos and Old Sarum could sell the right to nominate members. There is a point up to which fictions may be

tolerated, but there is also a point at which they become altogether intolerable; and many of our constitutional fictions had reached that point, and even gone beyond it, in 1832. The tendency of men to feel thus, and to act upon that feeling, is one of the facts which Sir J. Walsh ought to take into account in his political speculations. But, like a large proportion of those who pique themselves on arguing upon facts, he carefully selects the facts on which he will argue, and thus gets the advantage of being able to theorize without reasoning. If he chose his facts a little more impartially and extensively, he would find that he could no more do without abstract principles of some sort than "the Philosophers of the Movement." For example, there can be no doubt that, in ante-reform times, political jobbery, corruption of the grossest kind, was infinitely commoner than it is now. This was an inevitable consequence of the system of rotten boroughs, and if Sir John were desirous of retaining the good which he says they produced, whilst he avoided the evil, he must have advocated some extensive and fundamental change which could have been justified only by some such general theory as those which appear to him so foolish in the mouths of Mr. Mill and M. de Tocqueville.

JULIAN HOME.*

EVERY one is acquainted with professional families, where old and young, parents and children, think of little else than the incidents of some one profession to which the males of the family belong. In some of these families, the young ladies know the dress, accoutrements, and station of every regiment in the army—who has just got his colonelcy, and who has just missed getting his company. In other families, the daughters are enthusiastic about ships. They know the faults of the *Sylph* and the merits of the *Nymph*, and can tell at a moment's notice how many guns are carried by any ship in the whole navy that may chance to be referred to. In the same way, there are families where the thoughts of sisters run on a University career; and these pretty, enthusiastic almanacs know every senior wrangler and senior classic since 1800, take the most profound interest in the beer, boating, and riding of undergraduates, and are absorbed in contemplation of the chances that promise a "pluck" to the fool of their neighbourhood, a pass to an average and securable friend, and a first to the secret object of their ambition. Persons who are really acquainted with University life are half amused and half repelled by the prattle, at once so learned and so ignorant, of these University devotees. Superficially, everything they say is right—fundamentally, everything they say is wrong. Young men are not like what they fancy—do not rate things by the standard they suppose, or care exclusively for the honours which these enthusiastic sisters consider so absorbing. But the real article and the supposed article are so alike that it would be impossible to explain the difference to any one who thought that it did not exist. It is proverbially difficult to give any accurate notion of University life by means of fiction; and often as it has been tried, and various as have been the modes in which the attempt has been made, the result has always hitherto been a failure. We hope that the author of *Tom Brown* may institute an exception; but we can pronounce no opinion until his story is finished. Mr. Farrar has tried the thing in a new way; and, so far as the way could be successful, he may be said to have had a success. He views University life exactly as a young lady views it who has personal interests in the University. He creates fancy undergraduates such as a young lady would hate, love, admire, or despise. He makes the little jokes a young lady might think appropriate. He inculcates the morality and upholds the principles of which a good young woman would never lose sight. Curiously, too, he has exactly caught the regular enthusiastic young lady's style. He writes with the highflung expressions, introduces the sort of love-making, and is full of the sort of poetry that characterize the choicest stories of domestic melodrama. *Julian Home* is a tale of University life, representing College scenes as they appear to a sentimental sister, and written in the style of the *Family Herald*.

We will give a sketch of its contents, adopting, as nearly as possible, the words of the author. The girlish playfulness of the book is shown at the outset, for it commences with one of a series of names that are ingenious compounds of two places of education. The school where the hero is educated is called Harton—made up of Harrow and Eton. He goes to Cambridge, and rows on the Iscam. The hero is Julian Home, in whose heart "there is a deep fountain of love towards all his fellows." The villain is Bruce, head of the school, who is "too vain, too shallow, and too fickle to inspire any higher feeling than a mere transient admiration." Julian, by a sudden change of fortune, is obliged, on leaving school, to go as a sizar to college. He is cheered, however, by his Harton tutor, who tells him that it will be good for him. "Poverty, self-denial, the bearing of the yoke in youth, are the highest forms of discipline for a brave and godly manhood. The hero and the prophet are rarely found in soft clothing or kingly houses; they are never chosen from the palaces of Mammon or the gardens of Belial." Comforted by this remark, Julian goes up good-humouredly to his sizarship, and is accompanied to college by his widowed mother and a beautiful sister, Violet, who

* *Julian Home*. A Tale of College Life. By Frederic W. Farrar, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edinburgh: Black. 1859.

hang up his pictures for him—one representing the Virgin under a baldacchino; one of St. Mary of Egypt placed opposite, because Mrs. Home thought “there would be something suggestive to a thoughtful mind in the contrast of the Virgin Mother with the *bienheureuse pécheresse*,” and a photograph of Jacob’s dream in his bedroom. Julian soon makes friends—Kennedy, “known by the warm eulogy of his fellow-Marlbeians,” Lillystone, who thinks it “immensely jolly” that Home’s mother and sister have come with him, and Lord de Vayne, “entirely educated at home under an excellent tutor, who had filled his mind with all wise and generous sentiments.” On the other hand, Bruce, the villain, comes up too; and war begins by Bruce, in the hearing of Julian, explaining to a young lad that “sizars are the sons of gyps, and that kind of thing, who feed on the semese fragments of the high table.” Bruce is aided by a ruffian named Brogten, who also comes from Harton. The good and the bad have a scuffle with reference to a bargee whom the good pronounce injured, and a good deal of fighting occurs, in which the bargee “violently exerts his formidable muscles,” Julian gets knocked in the face, and Brogten, having done some harm, is “repaid with a cuff which felled him to the ground.” Brogten, however, soon afterwards has his revenge. Julian is going in for a University Scholarship, which he is sure to get, but just before he starts to do one of the papers, Brogten screws him in his room, so that he cannot get out. He battered the door with a poker and a chair, but in vain; and at last he “flung himself on the sofa, furious and weary, and with something that sounded like a fierce imprecation.” Even after he was released, he experienced what in the heading of the chapter is called a Gust of the Soul, horsewhipped Brogten, got drunk, and was only kept by Lillystone from disgracing himself by reeling into chapel. Lillystone had to use great force. “It required all his strength to retain his position against the wild assault of Julian.” But Lillystone was successful. “Julian paused, and baffled of his intention, glared at his opponent.” Next day he is heartily sorry, and by a wonderful stroke of fortune his returning virtue is celebrated by the strange news that his old Harton tutor (the one who talked about the palaces of Mammon and the gardens of Belial) has left him ten thousand pounds. He of course ceases to be a sizar, and through the rest of the book is equally good and prosperous.

It is now about time that the love-making should begin. Both Kennedy and Lord de Vayne are in love with Violet, but Kennedy has the luck to go abroad with her, and thus steals a march on his rival. The machinery introduced to bring about the felicity of Kennedy is tremendous. The lovers go to the top of an Alp and are lost, and get into a hut with brigands. There they spent the night. Kennedy himself sat in “a close, damp closet, the door of which he fastened with his invaluable alpenstock,” while Violet was in a room somehow inside the closet, where “he heard her murmuring words of prayer.” The brigands attacked them in this insecure position; but finally, one of the fellows shot the other, and so the young people got outside, and Violet whispered, “Dear, brave Mr. Kennedy, how shall I ever thank you enough,” and he replied, “I would die a thousand deaths, Violet, to save you from the least harm.” The same expressions of love are frequent in the *Family Herald*, but the place of utterance, the damp closet, the self-slaughtering brigands, and the notion of calling the subsequent development of their passion at the foot of the mountain by the romantic title of “Alpen-gluthen” are all Mr. Farrar’s own. When, however, he ends the love-passage by telling us—“For one instant their eyes met, with that lustrous and dewy love-gleam that lovers know, but during that instant it seemed as if their souls had floated together into a common fount,” he once more loses himself in his model. The course of true love did not run quite smoothly with Kennedy and Violet, for Kennedy, before he left Camford, had succeeded in an examination by secretly reading a coming paper in the rooms of the Examiner, and the consciousness of his error impels him into a variety of fresh faults after his return, which end in his rustication. He attempts, in consequence, to shoot himself, but is fortunately stopped by the appearance of his mother’s ghost, and only mutilates his right hand. Ultimately his hand gets well, he obtains a writership, and takes Violet to India. Lord de Vayne is at first dreadfully cut up by Violet’s engagement, and is not consoled by her entreating him to love her as a sister; but he goes abroad, and after a short absence he is enabled to inform his friend that “there is a gentle Florentine girl, with dark eyes and dark hair, and a sweet voice, who has promised in a year’s time to leave her Casa d’oro for Uther Hall.” Julian’s wooing is as smooth as the wooing of so excellent a young man ought to be. Eva Kennedy comes to the College chapel while staying at Camford to nurse her brother, after the appearance of the ghost, and before the hand has healed. Her appearance produced a great sensation. Mr. Farrar says, “And I (that is Mr. Farrar himself) cannot help it if even during the noble service, even amid the sound of solemn psalms and silver litanies, the eyes of many men wandered towards a sweet face, and gazed upon it as they might have gazed upon a flower.” Julian got “half jealous,” and “was positively in a hurry” to declare himself. He went to Eva’s sitting-room, and there set himself to the task of proposing. Happily the young lady at once led the way by remarking, “Do you think you shall ever be a fellow, Julian?” To which he of course gallantly replied, “If I am, I shall hope very soon to exchange it for a happier fellow-

ship, Eva.” However, “she wouldn’t see what he meant;” so he said, “Eva, shall I read to you?” This seems a rather prosaic falling off, but it was not so. It was his cunning purpose to read her an amatory poem of Coleridge’s. “He went on watching her colour change with the musical variations of his voice, until he saw her breast heaving with agitation,” and then he proposed. Soon afterwards he was head of the Tripos, and got a fellowship—a college living fell vacant, which, strange to say, was refused by all his seniors—and within a year of his degree he was inducted, at the early age of twenty-two, into a charming vicarage. Of course he marries at once. He takes care to explain that he should have married equally early if he had had no money, as he holds the theory that it is unnecessary to provide for children, for “God never sends a soul into the world without providing ample means for its subsistence.” This he acknowledges “may be fanaticism,” but he does not consider it necessary to refute the objection that it is in flagrant contradiction to every-day experience. However, he probably thought that he need not trouble himself about a theory with which he had so little practical concern. A young man whose tutor had left him ten thousand pounds, and who had got a living before the usual period of ordination, might afford to look on the future with complacent confidence. The novel concludes by saying that Julian “led his Eva over the threshold of their quiet and holy home, and their path thenceforth was as the shining light, shining more and more to the perfect day.”

Mr. Farrar, as we learn from his title-page, is a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and as he dedicates his book to the members of a Shakspeare Club to which he belonged, he must be familiar with the highest specimens of English literature. In spite of the playful confusion involved in the names Harton and Camford, there is not the slightest allusion throughout the book that refers either to Eton or Oxford. The school described is unmistakably Harrow, and the college described is unmistakably Trinity College, Cambridge. These facts suggest some reflections. Those who have really been at Harrow, and infinitely more those who have been at Trinity, may be inclined to resent this young-lady travestie of great institutions. They may feel some indignation at a member of their body giving the world to understand that young men enjoying as high an education as England affords—young men who can either gain or lose a scholarship without calling on the heavens for a special thunder-clap—who not only read the classics and Shakspeare, but have imbibed from them a high taste and a manly reserve—should be represented as a set of puling, love-struck, high-flying, garrulous young fools. The general public may also be inclined to ask whether the result of an education at what is, taken all in all, the finest educational establishment in the world, can possibly be that a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, thinks like a third-rate young woman, and writes like the Rosa-Matilda of a penny paper. We think, however, that the use of great educational establishments is apparent even in this extreme case, and that, in what we confess is rather a remote and recondite way, those who take a legitimate pride in such a College as Trinity may derive some satisfaction from *Julian Home*. After all, Mr. Farrar must be taken to have derived some benefit from his education. If he has written *Julian Home* now, what would he have written if he had not been at a University? He is one of those people who love for ever to pour out their little experiences. We have had a record of his school and college days; we have had the Lyrics of his heart; and when we have had some such book as *Hengist Leigh, a tale of Undermaster Life*, we shall have carried him on as far as he can go at present. It is something that Harrow or Cambridge should have supplied him with materials which are at least innocent. Undoubtedly, there is a good tone in his books. There is a sincere liking for what is right and pure, and some feeling which, if weak and sickly, is set towards that which is noble in itself. What is good in him is evidently derived in a large measure from his education. It is not perhaps its greatest triumph that Trinity can turn out really able and manly minds fit for practical life, and imbued with a sense of self-respect. It can do more than this. It can get praise out of the mouths of its babes and sucklings, and inspire men like Mr. Farrar with thoughts which show that, with all their foibles, and their more than feminine pettiness, they have been trained in great seats of learning and piety.

LANDOR’S HELLENICS.*

IT is recorded of Mr. Walter Savage Landor that, having been unsuccessfully engaged in a law-suit with a neighbouring landowner, he gave vent to his spleen in a series of the bitterest Latin epigrams, “of which” (as we heard the story told by an eminent living scholar) “Mr. Landor’s adversary, fortunately for himself, did not understand a single word.” The veteran poet’s turn for vindictive epigrams is unhappily notorious, and it might have been all the better for his fame if he had been always equally careful to veil his attacks “in the decent obscurity of a learned language.” However that may be, we have preface our notice of the recent edition of Mr. Landor’s *Hellenics* with this brief anecdote, because it appears to us to illustrate the peculiar character of a large number of the short poems which make up the volume. Mr. Landor’s motto is, or

* The *Hellenics* of Walter Savage Landor; comprising *Heroic Idylls*, &c. New Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: 1855.

at least ought to be, *φωρὰντα συνεροῖσιν*. The unlucky squire against whom his castigations were directed was absolutely incapable of feeling the lash. Similarly, in many of the compositions before us, their author apparently delights to involve the real gist of each poem in impenetrable obscurity, or refines it away until it is imperceptible to a reader of average intelligence. A short idyl, which we quote at length, will best exemplify our criticism:—

Acon.—Kepos! what brings thee from the market-place?
Kepos.—What drove me from it, rather ask.

Acon.—Well, what?
Kepos.—There was a scramble round about my stall,
And two unlucky boys were fighting hard
Which of them should sweep off the fruit; at last
They overturn'd the board: 'twas time to run.

Acon.—And were the people then indifferent?

Kepos.—At first they were not; presently they laught
To see a split pomegranate's slippery fruit
Drop from the fingers of the foremost two,
With nothing left between them but hard rind
And deeply-dyed and ever-during stain.

Acon.—Children of Hellas! learn your lesson here,
Nor touch pomegranate in the market-place.

Here there is, if not a studied pointlessness, at least a studied concealment of the point; and the same apparently intentional flatness characterizes the termination of several among Mr. Landor's short poems. This is the more remarkable, as the preface speaks somewhat vauntingly of the perspicuity of the author's language. "Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous; this is not so; they who look into it may see through." We must confess our ignorance of what is meant by "prismatic" poetry; but we cannot allow to the *Hellenics*, among the many merits which they undoubtedly possess, the particular one of being "diaphanous." Of course, we may be in error here. Mr. Landor's verse may be absolutely pellucid, and the fault may be in the dimness of our own eyes. In other respects, indeed, our estimate of the performance differs considerably from that which the author appears to have formed for himself. In fact, we gather from the author's words that he is at issue with the public with regard to his literary merits. "Little in these pages will gratify the generality of readers." This is the poet's candid confession; but it is a confession made in a tone which does not leave it doubtful that, in his opinion, "the generality of readers" are to blame for it:—

If I extoll'd the virtuous and the wise,
The brave and beautiful, and well discern'd
Their features as they fix their eyes on mine;
If I have won a kindness never woo'd;
Could I foresee that . . . fallen among thieves,
Despoil'd, halt, wounded . . . tramping traffickers
Should throw their dirt upon me, not without
Some small sharp pebbles carefully inclosed?
However, from one crime they are exempt;
They do not strike a brother, striking me.

Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo ipse domi! The injured bard appeals from his contemporaries to the judgment of posterity:—

A heartier age will come; the wise will know
If in my writings there be aught of worth,
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light
Dispel'd the darkness of despondency,
Before he with imperishable gold
Damask'd the bill of our Protector's blade.
Wonder not if that seer, the mightiest to heaven
Of all below, could have thus well divin'd.
I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,
Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie
With summer sweets, with albums gaily drest,
Where piddle sniffs at flower between the leaves.
A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
And find not overmuch to pare away.
The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
In some dark room laid up when others rot.

Time has been
When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
An age roll'd on before a keener sight
Could separate and see them far apart.

To what extent Mr. Landor's sanguine anticipations are ever likely to be realized, we will not undertake to decide. But we cannot help remarking that this ingenuous avowal of the value set by a poet on his own performances is, to say the least, a somewhat curious phenomenon in these days. To say the truth, it is almost refreshing, after the miserable adulation of a "discerning public" which has disgraced much of the writing of the last half century, to hear a man quietly telling his countrymen that they are a set of dolts, and that he is the only wise man among them. The very title of this volume has something of the same confident spirit about it—*The Hellenics* of Walter Savage Landor, intimating, apparently, that it is one day to occupy the same shelf with *The Iliad* of Homer, *The Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri, and *The Paradise Lost* of John Milton! Mr. Landor, full as he is of classical reminiscences, will probably point to Pindar as an example of a poet not merely defending himself against detractors, but also setting full store by his own accomplishments. But we must recollect that Pindar was a professional poet, that he was paid by the job, and that Simonides and Bacchylides were in the same line of business; and then *καταπεύς καταπεύς*—a proverb for which our intelligent readers will be able to supply a homely vernacular rendering.

We are far, however, from wishing in any way to depreciate Mr. Landor's productions. Perhaps the worst fault of the book as a whole—an excessively common one in the works of second-rate poets—is, that there is too much of it. It unquestionably contains passages of great poetic beauty, and some of the idyls which it contains are excessively touching. The last-mentioned excellence is partly owing to the myths which the writer found ready to his hand. But he certainly deserves our thanks for having thrown into verse many beautiful but obscure passages of ancient mythology. The stories of Erigone, Coresus, and Catillus are excellent examples of this class. As we have already intimated, the book is too large, and contains an undue proportion of heavy matter. Yet a happy selection of gems might be made from it. Two or three such passages will give the reader a favourable idea of the collection. Take this from the "Hamadryad":—

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
They pleas'd her when they gently wav'd her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleas'd.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?

Here a devoted virgin is cast into the sea, Jonah-like, and is followed by her lover:—

They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pich)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the strait line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph'd them both.
Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.

And here we have a bit of *genre* painting, which reminds one rather of the *Thalysia* of Theocritus:—

The youths were bidden to the feast: the flesh
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful:
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesh'd, work of Erigone
When night was long and lamp yet unprovided.
Choice grapes Icarus had; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserved
For festive days; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatched roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,
And soon was heard he, breathing hard: he now
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,
Fictile, capacious, bulging: cork-tree bark
Secured the treasure; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by,
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark.
A hum was heard. "What! are there bees within?"
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.

In fact, Mr. Landor may be supposed, to a great extent, to have taken Theocritus as his model. Even the short heroic dialogues between mythical personages may be regarded as imitations of some of the Theocritean idyls which do not bear a pastoral character. Such poems as "Acon and Kepos," already quoted at length, are in imitation of the more homely passages. We regret to say that Mr. Landor has thought fit to stain some of his poems with a faintly-disguised lubricity—a characteristic of Theocritus which, if venial at the court of a Ptolemy, is unpardonable in the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. Landor, indeed, has adhered in these cases to his principle of *φωρὰντα συνεροῖσιν*, and we have no desire to be reckoned among the *συνεροι* for whom such passages were intended. Nevertheless, we cannot believe that we have misinterpreted them; and one, at least, among them, which we do not think fit to particularize more minutely, betrays a grossness of imagination worthy of Catullus or of Martial. Such passages are happily rare; but, few as they are, we commend them to the consideration of Lord Chancellor Campbell, even at the risk of being charged with throwing dirt and small pebbles at the accomplished author.

The general tone of the poems is certainly classical; but they are classical rather in their detail and garniture than in any conception of character. The heroines are such as Euripides drew, and have nothing of the statuesque stateliness of either the epos or the early drama. They are terribly afraid of spoiling their clothes. When Europa rides off upon the bull (concerning the precise sex of which animal Mr. Landor somewhat gratuitously informs us that the young lady was in doubt, since "bulls are never at large in those countries," so that she "could not have seen one!") her anxious parent is made to exclaim:—

It will be night, dark night, ere she returns;
And that new scarf! the spray will ruin it!

Similarly Pheido, the handmaid of Penelope, expresses a hope that Odysseus may bring back purple robes for her mistress, not unmingled with fear that the "salt waves might wash the colour

out." However, perhaps this is pardonable in a lady's maid, even in one of the heroic age. There is something, also, almost comic in the manner in which Iphigenia is made to beg for life:—

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
"O, father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses."

We may be allowed to observe, in passing, that we are told, in a note upon the poem from which these words are cited, that "Pallas Athene was the patroness of Argos." After this valuable piece of information we are certainly unable to say of Mr. Landor's *Hellenics* what that gentleman has not scrupled to say of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's *Homer and the Homeric Age*. "Mr. Gladstone's two [*sic*] ponderous volumes open and shut on nothing new or important." "Whatever is worth notice in them," the writer continues, "may be found in Pericles and Aspasia."

Mr. Landor has appended to his volume some more recent poems which have no connexion with the *Hellenics*, and from one of which, relating to the author's not unfavourable estimate of himself, we have already made sufficient extracts. The rest do not call for any observation, if we may except some Latin verses of various merit, relating to the state and prospects of Italy, which form a tail-piece to the book. If the author's Latin epigrams already alluded to were not more "diaphanous" than the following specimen, the country gentleman whose successful litigation elicited them might have been a better scholar than most of his order without suffering very severely from the perusal:—

AD ROMAM PERICLITANTEM.

O Roma! sortem quis tuam non delectat!
Ut amara contigit piis!
Deos deasque mox videbimus nato
Nudâ, atque vix superstitem;
Sed una restat que tibi servat fidem,
Laverna; liquit filium;
De Vaticano monte dum vibrat faces
Et fulmina et tonitrua,
Fragore ridens artifex [*sic*] vaser suo,
Benedicite! ait benedicite!

The following stanzas in reference to the Peace of Villafranca, though rough, are decidedly vigorous:—

Ubi ille in alto qui solet æthere
Volare? ubi ales qui Jovis ad latus
Sedere? bubonem videmus;
Occidit in mediis ruinis.
Qui liberandum protenus Adriam
Edixit alta voce vocantibus
Idem resurgentem vetustis
Implicat Italian catenis.
Urbes reclamant . . . "I, caput occula,
Nec pejerat unum laura protegat!
I, regibus solis fidelis!
I, maculate cruore nostro."
En! colla torquet libera pontifex
Quem Roma dudum finibus expulit.
Insulta-ne æternum manebit
O superi! Perusina cedet?

We cannot take leave of Mr. Walter Savage Landor without commenting on the very peculiar character of his orthography. The anomalous state of our language in this respect is a stock complaint among our countrymen as well as with foreigners. Two or three distinguished writers have attempted, on their individual responsibility, to improve, or, at all events, to alter, our spelling. Mr. Landor appears in the character of an advanced reformer in this, as well as in other respects. Certainly the English language, as it flows from his pen, presents a more singular appearance than it does in the hands of any other writer with whose works we are acquainted. We presume that the changes are made upon the general principle of simplification, and with a view of limiting as much as possible certain sounds to given alphabetic characters or combinations. It is apparently with this intention that we find *lept* and *unsteddy* substituted for *leaped* and *unsteady*, *ake* for *ache*, *pourd* for *poured*. But we confess ourselves unable to discover why Mr. Landor should write *til* and *stil* for *till* and *still*; or, if these alterations were desirable, why he should write *willful* for *wilful* and *controll* for *control*, especially as he spells the derivative adjective *uncontrollable* as we have written it. We cannot see why he should write, on the one hand, *allaid*, *betraid*, and *countrimen*, and, on the other, *denyest* and *tymbrel*. We see no particular advantage in the forms *charriot*, *pich*, *sieze*, *perceive*; and we are inclined to think that, if simplicity was the reformer's object, instead of spelling *gnat*, *KNAT*, he should have done better to dispense altogether with the initial mute, mute as it is in every sense of the word. We suppose that he intends the orthography to follow the pronunciation; but, if so, why does he write *coronel*, *vultur*, *betrotcht*, *proroged*, and *armure*? The form *contumacious* has no peculiar merit as compared with *contumacious*, beyond that of obscuring the etymology. We cannot imagine why *hero* should have a mute *e* tacked on to the end of it. But the form *highth* not only tends to perpetuate a vulgar pronunciation—which it does not, after all, fairly express—but ignores a euphonic principle which the English language possesses in common with the German.

More distinguished scholars than Mr. Landor have been puzzled

how best to express Greek proper names in Roman characters. Whatever may be said of the imperfections inherent in the established orthography, it is doubtful whether any of the attempted improvements have been very successful. But Mr. Walter Savage Landor, who here, as usual, appears in the character of an innovator, has exhibited, in addition to a leaning towards needless alteration, a considerable degree of ignorance of the original orthography; otherwise we do not see how to account for such forms as *Typhæus*, *Mycenai*, *Ptheiai*, or *Zantho*. The diphthongs *æ* and *æ* are perpetually interchanged; thus we have *Egisthus* on the one hand, and *Paantios* and *Menatiades* on the other. The word *ægis*, indeed, is deprived of its initial, and written *egis*; while we have the name *Ægypt* so written by way of compensation. To the latter arrangement we have, of course, no objection beyond the fact that it is unusual, a consideration which probably recommended it to Mr. Landor. It would appear as if Mr. Landor had a notion of making the letter *k* play the part of the Greek *χ*. Thus he writes *Keiron* and *Telemakos*, *Plutark* (though elsewhere *Plutare*) and even *monark*. But here he is not always consistent with himself. For he talks of *Lykourgios*, although he elsewhere uses the form *Epicuros*; and we meet with the strange hybrids *Bakkos* and *Kallimakos*, which ought, on the writer's own principles, to have been *Backos* and *Callimakos*. Lastly, we have *Sphynx* and *Hyacynth*, of which both are wrong, and the latter at least is unusual; while Mr. Landor, probably on the principle that errors cancel one another, adorns his pages with the *citisus*, a form in favour of which not even a false precedent can be alleged.

Mr. Landor's innovations in language are not altogether confined to orthography. We have words used in senses altogether unprecedented—as *sepulture* for *sepulchre*, *sacrilige* for *sacrilegious*, and *accurst* used as the preterite of a finite verb. Mr. Landor sings of a maiden

whom Jove
Illuded into love.

We find, moreover, some very original inflexions, such as *abided* and *fuledst*. Lastly, we have one most inexplicable epithet—

Ye moulderling heaps
Which friendly hands heapt up, &c

Here we are disposed to adventure a conjectural emendation—for *moulderling* read *mouldering*.

We have dwelt upon these comparatively venial faults at greater length than they deserve, because they appear to us eminently characteristic of the writer.

WALCOTT'S CATHEDRALS AND MINSTERS.*

WE have had occasion once before to criticise Mr. Walcott's *Guide-books*, and then we credited him with sufficiently good intentions, but disputed the judgment and accuracy of his compilations, and complained of his inveterate weakness for fine writing and false sentiment. We have exactly the same account to give of his more recent productions. It is almost impossible to imagine the art of bookmaking, as exercised by a literary hack, more signally exemplified than in these volumes. Given a certain fluency of composition, some knowledge of the general drift of the popular tastes of the day, and an ample store of facts, accumulated by the labour of previous writers, from which to draw—it is not difficult for a practised penny-a-liner to compile a showy, superficial memoir on any subject under the sun. Whether it is worth while for any human being to read it when written is another question altogether. But that such compilations, however flimsy and untrustworthy they may be, do find readers, or at least purchasers, is proved by the fact that Mr. Walcott's *Cathedrals* has reached a second edition, and that he has been encouraged to prepare a companion volume on the Minsters and Abbey Ruins of the United Kingdom.

It is far from satisfactory that this should be the case, nor is it very easy to discover among what classes of readers these worthless books find their circulation. Few, we suppose, can use them as *Guide-books*, properly so called; for, although the volumes are conveniently portable, their contents range over too large an area to be of much practical use to the generality of tourists. It is seldom that a single journey includes more than three or four episcopal cities, and most travellers would find Murray's County Handbooks, or even the local Guides (which would afford information as to other objects of interest), more useful than a manual which ignores everything except the cathedrals, and which comprises more of them than can ever be wanted in one excursion. Besides which, Mr. Walcott's books are entirely without pictorial illustrations. On the other hand, as works of reference these volumes, though handy enough, are of questionable utility; for most persons who are likely to feel an interest in cathedral architecture and antiquities are able to afford the more expensive series of Britton or Winkles; and, indeed, the present works, having neither ground-plans nor illustrations, cannot even claim to be a cheap substitute for those useful collections.

All these are antecedent objections. It might be answered

* *The Cathedrals of the United Kingdom, and a Popular Introduction to Church Architecture.* By Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. Second Edition, London: Stanford, 1850.

The Minsters and Abbey Ruins of the United Kingdom. By Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. London: Stanford, 1860.

that, if the work were well done, it would have a substantive value, and might perhaps supply a want that was beginning to be felt. We admit that if we could honestly believe this to be the case, we should pardon defects of style and taste, and should have left the books unnoticed altogether. But here comes in our gravest charge against the present compilations. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that the author of such works as these should have personally visited all, or even a considerable proportion, of the cathedrals or ruins which he describes—though those who know most of ecclesiastical architecture will be the first to doubt how any one who has never seen a particular building can be trusted to compile from other sources a trustworthy account of its peculiarities. But, at any rate, a mere compiler ought to give his authorities, and ought at least to correct by personal examination such facts as are easily within his reach. Of what earthly use are such books as these unless they can be depended upon for general accuracy? And how is any one to give a writer credit for truthfulness in his description of out-of-the-way churches, such as Kirkwall or St. Germans, if it can be demonstrated that he has never taken the pains to visit one of the most famous minsters which he describes—a church in London itself, and within four miles of the home from which he dates his books?

To our proofs of this assertion. St. Mary's Overie, Southwark, now called St. Saviour's, situated at the foot of London Bridge, and observed, we should think, by every passenger by the Brighton or Dover railways, is not very much out of the way, nor very difficult of access or entrance. Will it be believed that Mr. Walcott is ignorant of the wanton and ruthless destruction of the ancient nave of this fine church some thirty years ago by the parishioners, to whom it was unfortunately sold at the time of the Reformation? He speaks of this nave over and over again, in his short memoir, as now existing. We do not know—for he never gives his authorities—from what description of this church he has compiled his account. It is, however, clear enough that he was extremely puzzled by it. He makes, in fact, the most ludicrous confusion of the whole story. He talks, for instance, of two chapels being destroyed in 1830, and of "a new east end" being built by Gwilt. We presume he means the restoration of the curious First Pointed Lady Chapel, which was almost the first extensive work in the present revival of Gothic architecture. In short, the whole account of this most interesting building is not only meagre in the extreme, but confused and unintelligible. And we may surely doubt the competency of a writer who is either unconscious of the jumble he has made, or who, if conscious of it, did not put himself into an omnibus and verify the facts by the evidence of his own eyes.

Let us now try our author by so well-known a church as the Cathedral of Ely. This building Mr. Walcott has visited; and perhaps we see the first-fruits of his personal observation in the confident statement that its ground-plan contains, as distinct members, "a choir of three bays" and "a presbytery of six bays." It may be historically true that Northwold's work was first built and used as a presbytery; but we demur to the assertion that the contrast between his First Pointed work and the beautiful Flowing architecture of the three westernmost bays of the choir rebuilt by Alan of Walsingham constitutes a constitutional distinction between presbytery and choir. The general description of the whole building is of the most loose and unmethodical kind. This culminates in the account of the famous octagon. Mr. Walcott appears to be quite unconscious that the authenticity of the present external central lantern is disputed, and that it is proposed, at any rate, to bring it into something like Pointed detail in the now contemplated restoration of the whole octagon as the memorial of Dean Peacock. What are we to make of this, his concluding assertion?—"From it Wren designed the lantern of St. Paul's!" It is almost superfluous to remark that a really critical and yet popular description of our cathedrals would have a special value, and would be a great relief from the tone of indiscriminate eulogy which generally deforms the local Guides. But the present compiler is not equal to that task, though he sometimes attempts it. We will give a rather favourable specimen of his style, to which we would rather not apply the characteristic epithet that rises to our lips:—

In each cathedral certain portions and effects adhere to the memory—fretted shrine, chantry, or ornamental subordinate detail. At Ely the choir and octagon can never be forgotten. In them we see the most exquisite copy of nature (!)—the bossy vaulting like the starry deep-blue sky, the shafted pillar like the moulded stem, the pointed arch like the petals of summer flowers. The observer is at a loss to which to accord the preference—the elaborate enrichment, the infinity of ornament, the variety and intricacy which address the imagination in the choir, or the simpler elegance and grace, and vast triforium, of the faultless presbytery.

We could quote other passages which are not merely flowery and meaningless, but absolutely unintelligible from lack of grammatical construction. And, while we are mentioning style, we may remark that Mr. Walcott has the habit of continually breaking off his prose into snatches of rhapsodic verse. Most of these fragments are evidently his own composition, and some of them are ludicrous in the extreme. Perhaps the general description of Christchurch, in Hampshire, is the most forcibly feeble thing in these volumes:—

The intellectual man will see, not in the mightiest cataract or the cloud-capt mountain range, but in the minster, the most signal evidence of the power of the Almighty, who breathed into a form of clay the inventive daring

spirit, defiant of time and fate, to plan and accomplish undertakings so passing wonderful. The one creation is immediately formed by the hand of God, the other is His work, as by Hiram of Tyre, or Bezaleel, through the intervention of man. Proportion and simplicity are the great features of Christchurch—principles here carried out to sublimity. The lines of the general design appear sacred, always grand, the result of the profound thought, deep science, long foresight, and complicated calculation required to conceive, execute, and enrich such a structure. Like Belzoni, in the halls of Karnac, raised by his dreamy enthusiasm above the cares of mortality, the visitor may well exclaim—"I have at least lived a day."

This is unmitigated nonsense. Nor is the author any happier in his attempts at comparative criticism. For example, he thus discourses about the contrast between York and Lincoln Minsters. What architectural critic, we may ask, ever thought of comparing two buildings so singularly diverse?

While Lincoln Minster is solid, abounding in picturesque variety, the cathedral of York is lofty, spacious, rich, and vast, a giant's step towards heaven. The one absorbs every sense of time and place; the piety of the builders is the paramount sensation; the splendour of the detail is lost in the impressiveness of the whole; the observer feels dwarfed into insignificance, in a temple worthy of the service of the Invisible; the other is majestic, magnificent, full of genius, fit for the worship of mortals. It will generally be found the case, that both the spot and objects contained in these memorable churches will seldom fall short of the most sanguine expectations; while the immediate impression produced by them on the spectator, who has come to revere what is venerable, and has a sense of what is glorious, is inconceivable.

Are not these, we ask, mere words without any real meaning? We defy any one to tell—except by grammar, and that is often a weak point with this writer—which of these descriptions is meant for York and which for Lincoln. *Apropos* of York, we may observe that Mr. Walcott takes no notice whatever, in this new edition, of the invaluable *Fabric Rolls* of that cathedral, which have been lately published. But neither does he seem aware of what Professor Willis has done for the elucidation of the architectural history of Canterbury and Winchester, and other churches; nor should we have suspected him of any acquaintance with Mr. Freeman's monographs of Llandaff and St. David's, save for the clumsy and unacknowledged borrowing, in his account of the former, of a not very happy expression made use of by that authority.

It is scarcely worth while to examine the Popular Introduction to Church Architecture which is prefaced to this new edition of the *Cathedrals*. Prejudiced as we are in favour of the Gothic style, we are ashamed of such advocacy as this. Imagine the truthfulness—to say nothing of the grammar—of this description of Pointed architecture:—"Vertical and aspiring, there are neither heavy horizontal lines nor a confused combination of disjointed members independent of each other." Is the latter clause a fair account of the Parthenon, or the Pantheon, or St. Peter's? Again:—"For the external portico, devoted in its original design to idlers, and chilling in a northern climate, are found the superb internal arcades designed for worshippers." Once more, we are told that this is a broad characteristic of the Norman style:—"The ceiling is flat; the ribs are flat bands crossing the vault at right angles, and are enriched with zigzags." The author seems to have no suspicion of the self-contradiction of this bald statement.

The volume on the Minsters of the United Kingdom is, upon the whole, inferior to that on the Cathedrals. The selection of subjects seems to be quite arbitrary, and many interesting fragments or ruins are altogether omitted. On the other hand, the description of Mr. Scott's new church at Doncaster is quite out of place in this series. In conclusion, we are sorry to have to speak with so much severity of these sufficiently well-intentioned books. But they can scarcely be considered harmless. Not only is it a positive evil that persons honestly seeking for information should be put off with all these crudities and inaccuracies, but it must be remembered that the very existence of these cheap and worthless Guide-books stands in the way of the proper supply of an acknowledged want of the time.

NATAL.*

NATAL is one of the magnificent dependencies which we owe to the *sic vos non vobis* issue of the colonizing energy of the Dutch. New York, the Cape, Calcutta, Ceylon, are all acquisitions in which the Dutch have sown, and other men have entered upon their labours; and but for Lord Castlereagh's unlucky ignorance of Sir Stamford Raffles' Reports, Java would have been added to the list. Like the vast colonial Empires of Portugal and Spain, these relics of Dutch ascendancy remain to teach the lesson—which England needs to learn by heart—that, if the centre of an empire be vulnerable, "ships, colonies, and commerce" are rather a source of peril than of strength. Among them, however, Natal has this peculiarity—that it will remain a monument of what the colonizing instincts of the Dutch could do, not in the prime, but in the decrepitude of their national existence. It is a Dutch colony, not from Holland, but from the subjugated Dutchmen of the Cape. The Dutch are not a very pliant nationality, and never showed very great alacrity in submitting to a rule which was imposed on them as a penalty, not for their own sins, but for the hostility to England into which their compatriots in Europe were very reluctantly driven by Napoleon. For some five-and-thirty years, however, their discontent confined its manifestations to a passive and sullen re-

* *The Colony of Natal*. By Dr. Mann. London: Jarrold, 1860.

assistance to all improvement. At last the philanthropy of the English drove them beyond the bounds of all patience. They did not mind oppression much themselves, so long as they were allowed to oppress the natives; but they could not abide an equal Government that protected the natural rights of both. They could stand the loss of their nationality, but not the loss of their slaves. Accordingly, when Emancipation was carried, a large number of Boers determined to "trek"—i.e., to emigrate. They crossed the frontiers of the colony in various directions. Some of them turned their march due north, and encamped in a territory lying on the western slope of the Drakenberg Mountains, between the Vaal and the Orange Rivers, before those two streams unite in one. The district thus occupied became the well-known Orange River territory, about which, even up to this moment, so much controversy exists. Others followed the coast, and took up their abode on the Eastern spurs of these same Drakenberg mountains, which fall by a slowly graduated succession of terraces down to the level of the shore of the Indian Ocean. This was the country to which Vasco de Gama, having sighted it on Christmas Day, had given the name of *Terra Natalis*. Here, however, their old enemies pursued them. From the peace of 1815 till about ten years ago, the English colonial policy followed an irresolute and vacillating course. England was alarmed at the growth of her empire and the charges it imposed; but she had not yet made up her mind to set up the statue of the god Terminus on any of her frontiers. The result was a very unamiable condition of mind. She would not take the initiative in entering upon the settlement of any new virgin territory, however tempting it might be; but that self-restraint did not reconcile her to seeing it in the hands of anybody else. Though she professed to dislike any further acquisition of territory, the sight of her own subjects attempting in any part of the world to set up an independent republic for themselves was always sufficient to goad her into forgetting her resolution. It was only by a little gentle force of this kind that the modesty of the Colonial Office was forced into accepting the colonies of South Australia and New Zealand. It was not till information arrived that the emigrants to those countries were resolved to govern themselves that England's objection to govern them was overcome. The last of the colonies that was annexed in this coy fashion was Natal. Some English had formed a scheme for colonizing it so far back as 1823; but they were a small and unimportant handful of men, and the English Government declined to recognise their project. The result was, that the greater part of them were ultimately cut to pieces by the Kafirs. In 1835, the discontented Dutch arrived; but at first they were in small force, and scarcely fared better than their English precursors. The same storm which swept away the English settlers very nearly overwhelmed them too. They were slaughtered with circumstances of great treachery and cruelty in several places; and one district even now bears the name *Weenen* (weeping) from the memory of the terrible massacre of which it was the scene.

All this time the English Government looked on with folded hands. But towards the year 1838 the Dutch began to struggle through their troubles, and to establish themselves in spite of the natives as an independent Power. The Governor of the Cape took the alarm, and sent 200 men to assert the indefeasible subjection to the British Crown of these Dutch Boers, who, during the deadly grapple of the three preceding years had heard very little indeed of the British Crown. But the Colonial Office still hoped to escape the burden of an additional Colony, and countermanded the troops. The Boers looked on this step as a virtual abandonment of British claims, and immediately hoisted the colours of what they called "the Republic of Natalia." In a moment all England's objections to an increase of territory were blown away by that potent title. That anybody else should take what they had refused was a mortification the Colonial Office had not yet learned to bear. The troops were sent back; the Boers were subdued with no little bloodshed; and Natal became a dependency of the Crown. The conquered Dutchmen sulkily betook themselves to the uplands of the Colony, or crossed the Drakenberg, and found at last rest for their feet and a savage independence in a territory lying beyond the river Vaal. There a large number of their migratory countrymen, whom the claims of England to their allegiance had similarly hunted out of the Orange River Territory, combined with them to form the Trans-Vaal Republic. This, their last retreat, has never been attacked. Since the days of the Natal occupation, the Colonial policy of England has been changed. Her South African frontier has not only not advanced, but has receded. Not only in the plains beyond the Vaal, but in the Orange River Territory which lies to the south of it, the Boers are now allowed to govern themselves, to prescribe all modern improvements, and to maltreat the natives to the utmost of their hearts content.

The colony of Natal, thus gained, is not likely to prove by any means a valueless acquisition. Dr. Mann's little work, though written with great pains, is written on behalf of the local Government, avowedly for the purpose of alluring emigrants, and must, therefore, be listened to only as an *ex parte* witness. But after all deductions made, the prospects of the colony are enormous. The gradual rise of the land gives to the country an extraordinary variety of climate. It may be divided roughly into three levels. The upper forms admirable pasture, and will grow in abundance all European crops and fruits. The middle districts

are fitted for maize, potatoes, flax, and mulberries; while on the tracts of coast-land every variety of tropical production will thrive. Cotton, sugar, indigo, coffee, arrowroot, tobacco, have been tried and found to succeed, as well as sundry oil-seeds peculiar to the country. At present, what little of capital and labour the colony possesses is concentrated upon sugar so far as the export trade is concerned. Notwithstanding the passionate complaints of West India proprietors, it appears that, in spite of a heavy import duty and unrestricted competition, there is no crop that pays so well. Cotton will grow well enough, but it has yet to be proved that it will grow profitably. For some reason or other, it has apparently not yet been found so well able to bear the competition of slave labour as other tropical products. One cause assigned for this commercial inferiority is that unless the seed be plucked at the proper time, its cotton is spoiled; and that, as the period of this special stage of maturity is uncertain and variable in each plant, an adequate and constant supply of labour is absolutely indispensable to the success of the crop. Such a supply, it is needless to say, does not at present exist in Natal. The Kafirs are more reliable than most native labourers. Love of money is a very vigorous passion in their breasts, and is far from being, in their cases, the root of all evil; but still they have all the instincts of savages. The essence of their existence is to roam and to be free. Naturally no Kafir works; all his work is done by his wives, while he sits gossiping and smoking. The marketable value of wives as domestic slaves is so fully recognised that it has produced a curious inversion of the ordinary customs of courtship and marriage. A Kafir is never a suitor, and what is still worse, he never has any choice in the selection of his wives. If he is a nice young man and an eligible match, an anxious mother is driven to have recourse to no discreditable manoeuvres for the purpose of securing the great catch. She—or rather her husband—simply sends the daughter off to him, with a request that he will marry her; and he dares not refuse under peril of a death-feud. As polygamy is unlimited, he of course cannot plead a previous attachment; and as a wife is, by her labour, a positive source of wealth, he is not allowed to escape under the excuse of poverty. But to a race thus generally exempt from labour, a life of labour is insupportably repulsive. The colonists find that though, under the stimulus of his avarice, a Kafir will work well for a short time, yet that after a few weeks or months the yearning for his old idle life is too strong for the love of money to overcome.

This lack of labour is the cry of all young colonies; and they naturally point with something like indignation to the superfluity of some kinds at least of labour in the mother country, which swells our poor-rates and throngs our large towns with wretchedness. There is no doubt that South Africa, and especially Natal, offers advantages to emigrants of which they are hardly sufficiently aware. The passage is shorter, and therefore cheaper, than to Australasia, and the path to independence for men who have no capital to start with but their muscles, is far more open than it is in North America, where labour is often in excess, and where no part of the country, except the distant interior, is entitled to be called young. Dr. Mann gives several cases of men landing absolutely without means, and in some cases encumbered not only with a family but with ill health, and who in a very short time have become independent and prosperous freeholders. With a considerable number of such cases before our eyes, it is melancholy to read the accounts of misery with which the appeals of our philanthropists at home abound, and then to hear that a healthy colony, like Natal, in which all that misery might be transformed into prosperity, has been forced to turn to India for its supply of labour, and has voted a large sum to encourage the immigration of Coolies.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

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The Bonuses become vested after payment of the Third premium.
The Profits will be divided in every Fifth year after the 15th March next.

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B. HALL TODD, Secretary and Actuary.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO SECURE THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS YEAR'S ENTRY, PROPOSALS MUST BE LODGED AT THE HEAD OFFICE, OR AT ANY OF THE SOCIETY'S AGENCIES, ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH.

POLICIES EFFECTED ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH, 1860, WILL RECEIVE SIX YEARS' ADDITIONS AT THE DIVISION OF PROFITS AT 1st MARCH, 1860.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

HEAD OFFICE—20, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

The Profits are divided every three years, and wholly belong to the members of the Society. The last division took place at 1st March, 1859, and from the results of it is taken, the following

EXAMPLE OF ADDITIONS.

A POLICY FOR £100, DATED 1st MARCH, 1832,

is now increased to £164 9s. 3d. Supposing the age of the Assured at the date of entry to have been forty, these Additions may be surrendered to the Society for a present payment of £265 17s. 8d., or such surrender would not only redeem the entire premium on the Policy; but also entitle the party to a present payment of £104 4s., and in both cases, the Policy would receive future triennial additions.

THE EXISTING ASSURANCES AMOUNT TO £2,372 10s.

THE ANNUAL REVENUE 187,240

THE ACCUMULATED FUND (arising solely from the Contributions of Members) 1,104,05

ROBT. CHRISTIE, Manager,
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3rd. The right to import, free of duty, all Rails, Machinery, Rolling Stock, and other materials necessary for the formation and maintenance of the Railway, as well as coal, coke, stores, &c., FOR EVER.

4th. All the Property of the Company (movable and immovable) is declared free from Taxes or other contributions of a like nature FOR EVER.

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A properly secured contract has been entered into with experienced contractors to construct the line, build stations, supply the fixed and rolling stock, and all other necessities, and deliver the whole line in complete working order, on or before the 1st of July, 1861, and to maintain the same in like condition for one year after completion, for the sum of £250,000. The line will be completed in sections, in conformity to the specifications approved by Mr. Edwin Clark, the Consulting Engineer.

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Detailed prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained of the Brokers and Bankers; or at the Company's Office, 34, King William-street, E.C.

By order of the Board,
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